

William Oliver  
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# THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



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LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1861.

ONE PENNY.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE news from America this week is important. By the regular mail steamer which arrived on Monday, we learn that the great expedition, which recently sailed from the Chesapeake for the South, had effected a landing in South Carolina. By dispatches received via New York, it appears that Port Royal was attacked on the 7th, and, after a vigorous bombardment of four hours, the Confederates abandoned the forts and retreated precipitately. The day after the Federal army which accompanied the expedition, to the number of 15,000, landed at Beaufort, and took possession of the town. The Confederates, before abandoning the place, destroyed all the houses and plantations in and around it. The distance of Beaufort is about fifty miles from Charleston, the capital of South Carolina, and the country adjoining is a vast swamp of rice fields; the adjacent islands are admirably suited for the growth of the best cotton. The reduction of Port Royal, which commanded the entrance of the bay of which Beaufort is the chief town, was accomplished with the loss of but eight men

on the part of the Federalists and a hundred on the side of the Confederates. Beaufort will forthwith be opened to commerce, and a Federal custom-house officer is to be appointed. It is rumoured, moreover, that a dash will soon be made at the South Carolina capital, for the safety of which considerable alarm is manifested. This is not the only success which has attended the Federal arms. In Kentucky, General Nelson, after two days' hard fighting, obtained a victory over the Confederates—the latter having lost 400 killed and 1,000 prisoners. From Missouri we have intelligence that an expedition from Cairo, at the point of junction of the Ohio with the Mississippi had passed over into Missouri, and attacked and destroyed the Confederate camp at Belmont. Learning that their retreat was threatened to be cut off by troops from another point, the Federalists returned, but in their progress they were set upon, and a severe slaughter was the result on both sides. The retreat, however, was accomplished in good order. It is denied that the recall of General Fremont had occasioned any ferment; and though General Hunter had taken his place, it was only a temporary appointment, as the command of the Western

army was to devolve upon General Halleck, one of the most experienced officers of the American army. Another naval expedition to the South is preparing at New York.

The expected reduction in the French army, to meet the high-flown professions of the Emperor in his manifesto to M. Fould, and assist in bringing the expenditure within the income, promises to evaporate in smoke. The *Patrie* newspaper, inspired doubtless by the Government, assures us that it is impossible for France to disarm, in view of the questions which wait a solution; the only thing possible, we are assured, is an increase in the number of furloughs. As it is reported that M. Fould's scheme of reforms is to appear in the *Moniteur* in a few days, we shall soon learn what are the *bona fide* projects of the Cabinet, and be better able to judge of their usefulness for the end desired—the creation of a decent balance, with something like harmony between the debtor and creditor sides.

The struggle between the Turks and the insurgent tribes continues. The latest news is favourable to the former, as we learn that on the 21st, Dervisch Pacha, after a fight of



"THE PEEP O' DAY," AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.—SCENE IN ACT 3D—THE FROL DHUIV.



troops. They were encountered by the rebels, 7,000 strong, and fought every inch of their way to the enemy's camp, making sad havoc in the enemy's ranks. Colonel Buford was the first to plant the Stars and Stripes in the enemy's camp. Colonel Dougherty's regiment captured the rebel battery of twelve pieces, two of which were brought away. Colonel Fouke's men suffered greatly, as they were in front of the rebel batteries before they were taken. After taking possession of the camp of the rebels, it was discovered that they were crossing from Kentucky for the purpose of attacking us in the rear. The order was now given to return to the boats, when our men were attacked by a reinforcement of several thousand strong from Columbus. Another severe engagement took place, in which our troops suffered severely. Our losses, as far as ascertained last night, were as follows:—30th Illinois Regiment, 163 missing; Major M. Clerken wounded and taken prisoner. 21st Illinois Regiment, 140 missing. Colonel Buford's regiment returned too late to obtain any particulars. Colonel Dougherty is reported taken prisoner. Colonel Lamont is reported dangerously wounded. Taylor's battery lost one gun. We have taken 250 prisoners, a number of whom were wounded. The number of rebels killed is 300. The ground was completely strewn with dead bodies. The rebel Colonel Wright, of the 13th Tennessee Regiment, was killed. General Cheatham commanded the rebels General Polk being at Columbus. It is stated that General Johnston was wounded. The gunboats rendered efficient service in covering our retreat, mowing down the rebels with grape, but at the same time killing some of our own men. A flag of truce left Cairo this morning for Columbus, with forty or fifty wounded.

In regard to the visit of several prominent unofficial personages to Europe, the New York *Herald* of the 9th says: "Archbishop Hughes left New York for Europe on Wednesday. Mr. Thurlow Weed was to have left by the steamer of to day. It is understood that they will be followed in a few days by Bishop McIlvane and the Hon. Edward Everett. The simultaneous visit of these gentlemen to Europe seems to be made with the approval of the Government, as they have all been recently at Washington in consultation with the President and Cabinet."

General Scott was waited on in New York, on the 8th inst., prior to his embarkation for Europe, by deputations from the Chamber of Commerce and the Union Defence Committee. Addressees were delivered by both bodies expressive of admiration for the services rendered by the veteran general, of sympathy with him in his sickness, and hopes for his speedy restoration to health. The general delivered two affecting speeches, in which he expressed himself as being firmly confident of the ultimate triumph of the Union arms, and the restoration of the Union to its pristine glory.

A San Francisco telegram of the 7th inst. asserts that the removal of General Fremont was almost unanimously approved throughout California. Trade at San Francisco was quiet. The ship *Nabob* had left that port for Cork with 30,000 sacks of wheat.

The State election in Maryland passed off quietly, and resulted in the success of the Union ticket by a handsome majority.

In New York the State election had also taken place, but the division of parties was such that it is difficult to state the result from a political point of view.

#### CHINA AND JAPAN.

The following have been received by Ruter's telegram:—  
CANTON, Oct. 15.—The allied troops are leaving Tien-tsin and Canton.

Trade at Ningpo and Hangchow is obstructed by the rebels. The French are in want of men and guns to protest Chefoo. The late Emperor of China is succeeded by his eldest son.

The state of affairs in Japan is reported to be more favourable.

POINT DE GALLE, Oct. 31.—According to advices received here from Saigon, the French had promulgated regulations for the Chinese population.

#### AUSTRALIA.

SOUTHAMPTON, Nov. 24.—The *Roborough Castle*, from the harbour bound for London, has arrived off Cowes. She landed four passengers, one of whom was apprehended as the W. J. Bruton who absconded from Australia with a large amount of money.

#### Home News.

DEATH OF P.G.M. JAMES ROW.—This prominent and useful officer of the Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows expired last evening, at a quarter to twelve, after a week's suffering from pneumonia. He was a director of that Order, having been annually elected for 17 years past, and in 1858 filled the office of Grand Master. His services extended over the same period as secretary of the largest district—North London.

ALARMING FIRES.—On Sunday morning, about half-past three o'clock, a fire was discovered in the premises of Mr. M. Ockenhouse, oyster and supper-room proprietor, No. 432, Oxford-street. Six engines of the London Brigade, as well as the Royal Society's escape, attended. Fortunately, the residents escaped in safety, but the flames could not be subdued until considerable damage was done. A fire happened at seven o'clock on Saturday evening in the premises of Mr. R. Savage, a chandler, No. 9, Globe-road, Bethnal-green. This fire, which did considerable damage, it is supposed was caused by an escape of gas from some defect in the fitting. A fire also took place in the premises of Mr. Wm. Grafton, bookmaker, No. 35, North street, Chelsea.—A fire likewise broke out in the premises of Mr. G. M. Casonini, a modeller and sculptor, of No. 24, Hercules building, Lambeth. The fire originated in the picture-gallery, which contained a large quantity of choice work. Plenty of water having been procured, the engines set to work, but before the flames were got under, property valued at over 2,000/- was destroyed.—Another fire broke out in Jennings's buildings, Kensington, and also one at Kennington-green, at both of which serious damage was done.

PRICE OF BREAD.—The prices of wheaten bread in the metropolis are from 8d. to 9d.; of household ditto, 7d. to 8d. Some bakers are selling from 6d. to 7d. per 4lb. loaf, weighed on delivery.

APPROACHING MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.—The marriage of the Earl Jermyn, heir to the Marquise of Bristol, to Miss Geraldine Astor, youngest daughter of the late Major-General the Hon. George Astor, and niece of Lord Forester, will shortly take place.

MEMORIAL TO LORD PALMERSTON.—The Norwich Political Union has adopted a memorial to Lord Palmerston, praying his lordship to take some action on the subject of parliamentary reform. The union is also endeavouring to revive the reform agitation in Norwich.

THE POST OFFICE STAFF.—From the recently published official report of the Postmaster-General we find that the number of persons employed in the General Post Office on the 31st December, 1860, was as follows:—Postmaster General, 1; secretaries, 5; other superior officers, 19; surveyors, 14; postmasters, 11,428; clerks, 1,634; mail guards and porters, 195; letter-carriers, messengers, &c., 11,889; marine mail officers, 7; total, 25,192. Besides these, 22 persons were employed in the colonies, under the direction of the Postmaster-General, and 63 in foreign countries, making in all 25,282 officials.

There are now five vacant Garters, viz., those of the Earl of Aberdeen, the Duke of Bedford, the Duke of Sutherland, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Earl of Forres.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales will visit the Ionian Islands shortly after Christmas, and then proceed to Syria and Egypt.

MELANCHOLY SUICIDE.—Mr. Charles Bridger, solicitor, treasurer to the county of Southampton, a gentleman much respected, committed suicide on Friday last, at his residence in Winchester, by cutting his throat.

STRANGE ADVENTURE OF A YOUNG LADY.—During one of the stormiest nights of last week a young lady, whose name is of course withheld, residing in the vicinity of York, left her home under the following strange circumstances:—The family retired to rest as usual, and in the morning the daughter in question was missing and could not be found. It subsequently appeared that she had got up and left the house in nothing but her night dress, and in that state had travelled on foot some four or five miles towards York. Next day she was found by some men lying under a hedge, and partly covered with grass and leaves, almost starved to death, and as nearly as possible in a state of nudity. She received what attention was then possible, and was carried to the nearest farm-house, where she was placed in blankets, and other remedial measures were adopted. After a lapse of some time she was able to speak again, and her name and address were discovered. After a little time she was returned to her friends. The young lady is said to be a somambulist.—*Hull Herald*.

POST OFFICE SAVINGS BANKS.—On Saturday, by order of the Postmaster-General, notice was given at the General Post-office that this day (Monday) eighty-eight additional money order offices in the provinces and in the suburban places within the twelve-mile circle from the establishment in St. Martin's-le-Grand, would be opened as Post-office savings banks, namely:—Regent street, W.; Shepherd's-bush, W.; Victoria Grove, Kensington, W.; Strand, W.C.; Tranquill Vale, Blackheath, S.E.; Vigor street, W.; Westbourne Park, W.; Westminster, S.W.; Whitechapel, E.; and Woolwich Arsenal, S.E. Suburban, ten; provincial places, seventy-eight—total, eighty-eight.

LORD STANLEY AT LYNN.—Lord Stanley addressed his constituents at King's Lynn last week. His lordship delivered a very able speech, chiefly upon foreign affairs. He viewed the Hungarian question with mixed feelings, but the tenor of his argument was favourable to Austria. He did not think that a separate Hungarian kingdom under an Austrian monarch could be made a permanent arrangement; and he was unfavourable to the creation of small States incapable of resisting foreign conquest. He expressed himself, on the whole, as favourable to Italian unity, but considered that Italy was in a position of dependence upon France (whose policy he unfavourably reviewed), and that England should be cautious in the expression of her opinion. Turning to the United States, he did justice to the motives which impelled the Federal Government, supported by the Northern States, to embark in the contest. He was, however, inclined to think that the South would succeed in forming an independent State, and that in the North the abolitionists were far from being in the ascendant. His lordship made some admirable remarks on the duty of this country to observe a strict neutrality, and to abstain from taking any undue advantage of the temporary weakness of the American power.

GLADSTONE AT OXFORD.—Mr. Gladstone last week delivered a speech at Oxford on Middle Class Education in Public Schools. The meeting which the right hon. Gentleman addressed was held for the purpose of promoting a movement that has been commenced in Sussex, and has there achieved considerable success. It is proposed to establish public boarding schools for the middle classes throughout the country generally, and to the benefit which these institutions would confer Mr. Gladstone confined his remarks.

His Imperial Highness Prince Napoleon is about proceeding from the Palais Royal, when he has returned from Compiegne, to London, for the purpose of arranging some business connected with the coming Exhibition.

We understand, says the *Standard*, that a requisition, signed by a numerous body of the citizens of Finsbury, has been presented to Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, the well-known journalist, to induce him to stand for the vacant seat, and that there is every reason to believe he will allow himself to be put in nomination.

MADAME MARIO'S PROPOSED LECTURES ON ITALY.—We are informed by the secretary of the Garibaldi Italian Unity Committee that Madame Mario (née Jessie Merton White), who through her indefatigable and disinterested services to the wounded soldiers during the last Italian campaign, earned for herself the proud distinction of being called the Florence Nightingale of Italy, has engaged to deliver a series of lectures in England and Scotland on Italian affairs.

A NEW EDUCATION BILL.—From an announcement made on Wednesday, in the Commission of the Free Church General Assembly, sitting in Edinburgh, it appears that the Lord Advocate intends to introduce next session a new education bill, apparently designed to extend the public school system, and more or less to supersede the Privy Council grants.

ESSAYS AND RAVIWA.—At the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance last week, Dr. Davis, of the Religious Tract Society, moved the following resolution:—"That this conference, composed of, and representing, various evangelical communities, who are above all things desirous that evangelical truth should be preached from every pulpit of the empire and the world, cannot but express its deep regret that the names of infidel clergymen should be attached to a volume entitled 'Essays and Reviews'—a volume containing opinions which strike at the very foundation of the Christian verity, and of all revealed religion; and this it does for the following among other reasons:—1. Because the influence of such a volume cannot be confined to the Church to which the writers belong, but must affect all religious organizations, both at home and abroad. 2. Because most of those who have contributed to it hold, or have held, their position with the authority and emoluments, in virtue of having entered into a solemn and public obligation to preach the faith which large portions of the volume are adapted, if not intended, to destroy. 3. Because so marked an opposition between the teaching of the volume and the public subscription of most of the writers, is calculated to excite suspicion as to the integrity of clerical subscription to ministerial engagements in general, and thus to do essential injury to the cause of the nation, and lower the standard of truthfulness throughout the land." The resolution was carried.

FINSBURY ELECTION.—An important meeting was held on Saturday evening, at which it was unanimously resolved to support a requisition, already numerously signed, to J. Bunting Mills, Esq. We have it on good authority that Mr. Mills is likely to accept the invitation. Mr. Campbell Sleigh has also announced his determination to contest the seat.

ATROCITIES OUTRAGE AT SHEFFIELD.—One of the most atrocious outbreaks it has been our lot to record for many a day took place at Sheffield on Saturday morning. A man named Westridge was working for somewhat lower wages than the tradesmen permitted, and the unionists sought to punish him by throwing a barrel filled with gunpowder, with a burning fuse attached, into his bed-room. The explosion did not even pitch on the right room, but threw it into one where a widow woman was sleeping. Westridge's wife, however, tearing the noise, came into the room and took up the barrel, when it exploded in her face. Both women were shockingly burnt, but Mrs. Westridge was also so frightened that she leaped out of the window. She is said to have suffered a severe loss of blood, and it is feared she cannot survive.

SABBATH OBSERVANCE CRUSADE.—The Sabbath Society for the Better Observance of the Lord's Day are carrying on a very vigorous campaign. On Friday, no fewer than eight cases were brought before the Salford magistrates, and convictions obtained in seven of them. The penalty in each case was a fine of 5s. and costs. Amongst the defendant's was a news-vendor, a tobacconist, a confectioner, a butcher for selling beef-steak, and another for selling stew, and two barbers for exercising their vocation.

SINGULAR OCCURRENCE AT HYDE PARK.—On Sunday evening, between the hours of five and six o'clock, a gentleman named Walter of Spring Garden-place, Stepney, was proceeding along the banks of the Serpentine, his attention was directed to a man struggling in the water. He gave an alarm to the Royal Humane Society's officers, and, pending their arrival, Mr. Walter had plunged into the river and succeeded in keeping the head of the unfortunate man above water until Deputy Parsons and Mr. Superintendent Williams arrived. The unfortunate individual was speedily got out of the water and removed to the receiving-house to an insensible state, and apparently dead. Having been placed in a hot-water bath, he was afterwards removed to a warm bed. In his pockets were cheques drawn upon the Banks and Union Bank for sums of 22s., 29s., 10s., 3s., and 2s. There was also a trifling amount of money in his person. The following letter was also found in his possession:—"London.—My dear Father—I have been putting myself to a great deal of inconvenience for a long time past, until I find I must make my plans otherwise. I shall be quite a ruined man. I had quite made up my mind to have my children with me after Christmas and provide a home for them, and to do that I must have my money. I think you ought to get it at a much shorter rate of interest. I took the enclosed two advertisements for you. Mr. Brundt thinks he can get me 31s. for the bills, but I cannot get 4s.—With love, yours affectionately, F. H. Johnson.—P.S. My children are scattered about, and also my goods, and no use for myself." The envelope was addressed to Mr. B. Johnson, Piccadilly, and bore the post mark "Nov. 23 1861."

THE MISSING STEAMER NORTH BRITON.—The public will learn with the deepest gratification that news has at length been received of the missing steamer *North Briton*, the non-arrival of which has caused such intense anxiety throughout the country. The vessel left Quebec on the 2nd instant, and was due in Liverpool about to night since. We now have intelligence by which it would appear that the ill-fated ship ran on shore off Mingan Island, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, during a fog, on the 5th instant; and that she has become a total wreck. Fortunately, we have no loss of life to deplore. Fifteen of the passengers and seventeen of the crew left the vessel in two boats; the rest of the persons on board were landed at a subsequent period. A portion of the mails have reached this country. These scanty details will tend to set at rest the anxiety of all who were directly interested in the fate of the *North Briton*, but further particulars respecting the catastrophe will of course be awaited with much interest. The *North Briton* had the following cabin passengers on board:—From Quebec—Hon. P. M. Vankoughnett and lady; Major Fielding, 60 r. R. Regt., and lady; Felix Morgan, lady, and child; Felix Gaird, Ralph June, M. C. Cone, John P. Sirikand, A. W. Donon, Frederick Clark, W. H. C. Vale. From Montreal—Dr. Woods, Thomas Dawson, Mr. Robinson. From Kingston—Captain Bayley. From Toronto—E. J. Smith, C. Jarvis (87th Regiment), Mrs. Price, Miss Price, Miss E. Price, Miss Allan, Captain Lumsden and lady, P. P. Lumb, John Smith. From Hamilton—Sir Allan McNab and lady. The steerage passengers numbered 98 souls, and the crew about 90 so that the total number of souls on board was about 220.

MELANCHOLY CASE OF BURNING.—On Saturday evening Mr. Bedford, corner for Westminster, held an inquest at St. George's Hospital on the body of Charles Withers, aged six years, who lost his life from burning on Thursday morning last. Verdict, "Accidental death from burning."

CARLISLE ELECTION.—The nomination of candidates took place on Monday. Mr. Edmund Potter (Liberal) was proposed by Mr. R. Ferguson and seconded by Mr. Sutton. Mr. Hudson (Conservative) was proposed by Mr. Head and seconded by Mr. Hanson. The show of hands was declared to be in favour of Mr. Potter by a large majority. A poll was demanded on behalf of Mr. Holger, and fixed for next day. At the poll next day Mr. Potter was elected by a majority of 3. There was great excitement in the town.

ARTIFICIAL FLOWER-MAKING.—Matti's Scheurer, a good-looking girl of 19, last week died from poison imbibed into the system during her engagement in the manufacture of artificial flowers. A sister of the deceased had died under similar circumstances.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRES.—On Tuesday morning between two and three o'clock, a fire broke out on the premises of Mr. J. R. Green, confectioner, Upper-street, Islington. The powerful engines were speedily set to work, but in spite of a good supply of water, the fire was not subdued until very considerable damage had been done to the premises and adjoining houses. Another fire, attended with great loss of property, broke out at Mr. C. Costello, No. 7, Oxford-place, Hackney-road. A third fire also occurred on the extensive premises of Mr. T. Berry, broker and general dealer, Sibthorpe-lane, Sibthorpe-lane, Limehouse, which was not extinguished until the lower part of the premises were burnt out. Cause unknown.

TERRIBLE CONFLAGRATION AT CHESTER.—Chester, Tuesday morning.—The Queen Railway Hotel, a magnificent building opened last summer, has been to a greater or less extent destroyed by fire. The catastrophe originated from an overheated pipe in the kitchen. At one period the railway station itself, which cost above a quarter of a million, was deemed in danger. The interior of the original part of the hotel is destroyed, but at midnight the large new wing was safe, so that the establishment may be reoccupied immediately.

FATAL ACCIDENT TO LADY CHARLOTTE CHEWYND.—Lady Charlotte Chewynd, while out riding in the neighbourhood of the manor, near Atherton, with a party of her friends, the animal on which she rode shied and bolted, and presently threw her ladyship with great violence, she sustaining several severe contusions, from which she never rallied; and, in spite of every attention and the best medical aid, she expired a little before six o'clock on Sunday morning. She was a daughter of the late Viscount of Downshire, and married in 1843 Sir George Chewynd Bart.

COLLIERS' STRIKE IN LANCASHIRE.—At most of the collieries in the Ouse, Ashton, and Midwood districts, the men have received notice of a reduction of 2s. in the £ upon engine oil. Notice of this reduction having, in some cases, been given a fortnight since, the men have left their work, and already there are above 1,000 men on strike in the above districts.

RESIGNATION OF MR. JUSTICE HILL.—Some days since an announcement appeared in the journal that Mr. Justice Hill intended to resign his seat on the judicial bench at the close of the present term, in consequence of continued illness. On Tuesday the members of the bar assembled in Westminster Hall received official information of the fact, and, although not unexpected, occasioned much regret. Rumours are flying about in alterations as to the probable changes, judicial and political, which will take place in consequence of this resignation.

MONDAY'S GALE.—Soon after midnight the gale from the S.W. which raged furiously from 4 o'clock in the afternoon, increased to a perfect tempest, accompanied at intervals with violent gusts and strong showers of rain. In the outskirts, particularly in the south and west suburbs, the houses were shaken to their foundations; and in Lambeth, Mint street, Borough, and Bermondsey, several old buildings were completely demolished, stacks of chimney-pots were blown down, and the roadways strewn with the debris of trees, stones, &c. The trees in the parks and on elevated spots were very seriously damaged, and many young trees totally destroyed. On the river the collisions were numerous.

INCIDENTS ON THE AMERICAN WAR.

The engravings on pages 116 and 125, represent two incidents on the American war which recently came off. One represents, on a 32-p. under Countess of Belvoir's seat to Heriot's Ferry, on the upper waters of the Potowmac; and the other is the capture of the Federal steamer *Fancy*, by the Confederates. Both sketches were taken at the time by American artists.

## VOLUNTEER MOVEMENTS.

THE FIRST SURREY RIFLES AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—The dullness of the winter season at the Crystal Palace promises to be somewhat mitigated by the enlivening proceedings of the different metropolis rifle corps. A gala day, assisted by glorious weather for the time of year, came off on Saturday, when the centre transept was the scene of a distribution of prizes to the First Surrey Rifles by Lady Pollock, wife of the Indian veteran, General Sir George Pollock, G.C.B., honorary colonel of the corps. The Handel Orchestra, specially decorated for the occasion, was filled with a body of visitors, among whom were several persons of note. A table, bearing the prizes to be conferred on successful competitors with the now national weapon, stood in front of the orchestra. The two conspicuous objects were the First Surrey challenge cup, presented by Lieutenant-Colonel McDonald, and the ladies' chal-

lenge cup; these being surrounded with other prizes, in different forms and value, appearing in the list, which we subjoin in its proper place. General and Lady Pollock ascended the platform shortly after three o'clock, and inspected the prizes with much interest. They were received by a guard of honour, and on arriving at their seats close by the table were greeted with cheers. The gallant general wore, for the first time in public, his newly acquired badge of distinction, the Star of India.

The regiment paraded at half-past three, under the command of Lieutenant Colonel J. H. Macdonald, in the open corridor of the south wing of the palace, and shortly before four o'clock the strains of their band announced their approach. On reaching the front of the Handel Orchestra, the corps, which mustered about 400 men, were formed into three sides of a square, the various companies being under the command of Captains Phare, Bristow, Irvine, Rogers, Scruton, Clipperton, and Wile. The other principal officers

present were Capt. Freeman, adjutant; Capt. Rowbotham, musket-instructor; Lieut. Puckle, secretary and paymaster; and Lieut. Gudgeon, secretary and quartermaster.

Lady POLLOCK, in presenting the first prize (the challenge cup, value 25 guineas, the gift of Lieutenant-Colonel McDonald) to Private William Knowles, of the 1st company, observed that she felt deeply the honour which had been conferred upon her in being selected to perform the very pleasing duty of presenting these valuable prizes to the successful competitors that day.

The next prize was the ladies' challenge cup, also of the value of 25 guineas, won by Lieutenant Robert Arthur Puckle, No. 4 Company, in presenting which Lady Pollock said she had no doubt that as this cup was a challenge cup, the gift of ladies, the recipient would do his best to continue to retain it. (Much cheering.)

The following were the prizes, in presenting which her ladyship offered words of kindness and encouragement:—



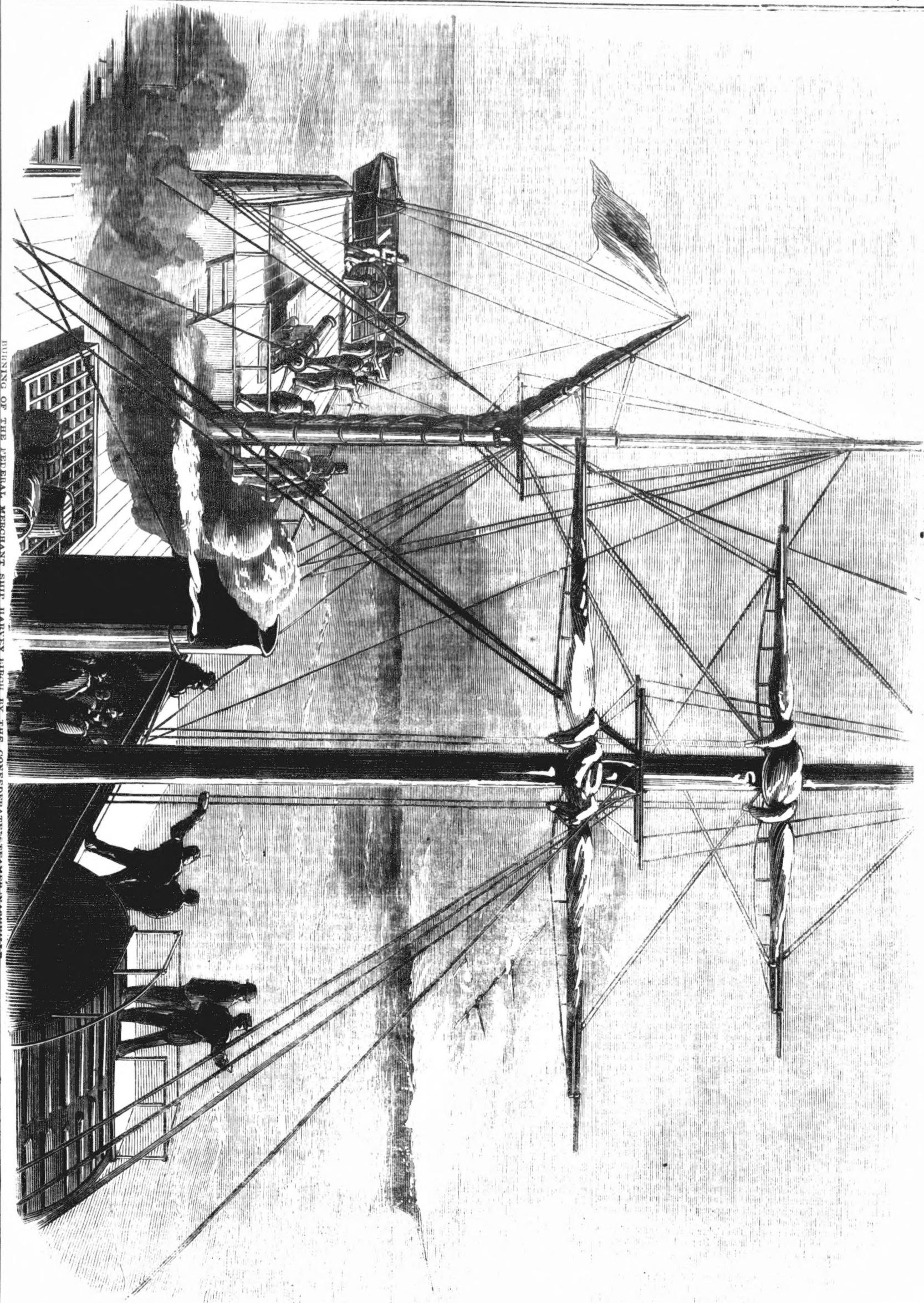
AMERICAN WAR.—FIGHT AT BOLIVAR'S HILL, NEAR HARPER'S FERRY.—CAPTURE OF A 32 POUNDER COLUMBIAD BY A FEDERAL FORCE UNDER COL. GEARY.

A Henry rifle, of the value of 25 guineas, the gift of John Knowles, Esq., won by Private L. C. E. Haweit, No. 9 Company; a rifle, won by Private E. D. Brown, No. 5 Company; a prize of the value of 20*l.*, the gift of the Misses E. Hotson, won by Private William Sudd, No. 2 Company; a challenge cup of the value of 10 guineas, the gift of Lieutenant H. Puckle (hon. sec. of the corps), won by Corporal S. Wicks, No. 6 Company; a prize of the value of 10 guineas, the gift of John Cutton, Esq. (No. 8 Company) won by Private Twentyman, No. 6 Company; a prize of the value of 5 guineas, the gift of Lieutenant and Quartermaster E. B. Gudgeon, won by Private Walter Fisher, No. 4 Company. The officers' contribution of 30 guineas, divided into three prizes as under, viz.:—15 guineas for the highest total score at 850, 400, 500, and 600 yards, five shots at

each, won by Corporal Nevill, No. 9 Company; 10 guineas for the second best score, at same ranges, won by Sergeant R. A. Puckle, No. 4 Company; 5 guineas for the greatest number of hits at same ranges, won by Private Knowles, No. 1 Company. The corps' prizes of 30 guineas, in four sums as under, viz.:—12 guineas for the highest total score at the third class ranges, five shots at each, won by Private Robertson, No. 1 Company; 10 guineas for the second best score, at same ranges, won by Corporal S. Wicks, No. 6 Company; 5 guineas for the same number of hits at same ranges, won by Private J. B. Hammons, No. 4 Company; 3 guineas for the second largest number of hits at same ranges, won by Private I. D. Gregory, No. 1 Company.

WEST MIDDLESEX RIFLES.—The competition for a prize of 10

guineas, presented by Ensign Messer, took place on Saturday afternoon, at Wormwood Scrubs, between four members of each company, West Middlesex Rifles, at ranges of 300, 500, and 700 yards, the company making the highest score to be the winners. The winning four men to fire again at 700 yards. The prize to become the absolute property of the man making the highest score in shooting off. Six companies only competed, viz.:—A, B, D, E, F, and H. The C and G did not send the required number of men to compete. The D Company became the winners, and in shooting off for the absolute property of the prize, Private Prosser scored 14 points in 5 shots at 700 yards, and won the prize. This match concludes the prize shooting of the West Middlesex for the year. The prize will be distributed at the University College early in December.



## GOSSIP OF THE WEEK.

In the ordinary current of town life this has been a quiet week. The theatrical and musical world offers little novelty, though doubtless there has been a burlesque produced at Drury Lane, and a *petite* comedy at the Olympic. We have also to hail Mr. and Mrs. C. Matthews in their new entertainment.

The Drury Lane burlesque is from the facile pen of H. J. Byron, and the other is an adaptation from the French, entitled "Court Cards." The burlesque is as clever as the usual run of these productions, and furnishes quite as many outrageous liberties taken with the English language; but the house is too large for pieces of this kind, and the company is not suited to them. Besides, the drama burlesqued does not afford good materials for a travesty. With the exception of Miss Louise Keeley, who is really up to these kind of performances, and gave a spirited rendering of "Myles Macopaleen," there is little to be said for the *dramatis personae*. The piece wound up with the appearance of success, but I doubt its having anything like a run. A much funnier thing of the same sort is the "Cooleen Drawn" now the nightly attraction at the Surrey.

The "Court Cards" which is a neat little comedy of intrigue is chiefly interesting and attractive through the excellent acting of Miss Amy Sedgwick. The controversy about the termination of the "Octoroon" still engages the attention of the critics, the most of whom are dead against killing off the heroine. Still Mr. Bencieault sticks to his own view of the matter, and the piece proceeds nightly. Though well put together, and illustrated by capital scenery, the subject is not so attractive as that of the "Colleen Bawn," and it can never experience the same success. Besides, the ending will seriously interfere with its reception by the public, let Mr. Bencieault say what he pleases about the object he had in view when writing the "Octoroon." It is not by anything that may be said or done on the stage, that the great problem of slavery is to be solved or worked out to a satisfactory solution.

The most striking novelty of this week in the way of amusement is undoubtedly the "At Home" of Mr. and Mrs. C. Matthews. The Concert Room of Her Majesty's Theatre opened on Monday, and the entertainment has proved a great success, the place being crowded nightly. The successful pair are likely therefore to be "At Home" for a long time to come, and promise to fill up the *hiatus* left by the lamented Albert Smith who was certainly the most successful getter-up of this class of amusement that ever made the attempt. Next to him we would have named Mr. and Mrs. German Reed, until the new stars made their appearance in the firmament. It is certain that the town will flock to see Mr. and Mrs. Matthews at home for many a pleasant evening.

By way of variety for the ladies, M. Robin, the French wizard, commenced to wield his magic baton, on Monday evening at the Egyptian Hall. His tricks are clever, and many of them new and scientific. A pleasanter evening could not well be spent than in company with this master of legerdemain.

The town talk, outside the circle of amusements round which I have just made a cursory glance, is confined to two leading topics, Peter Morrison's "Bank of Deposit" and the Confederate frigate at Southampton. The report of the accountants appointed to inquire into the rotten concern at 3, Pall Mall, has been read this week with indignation by thousands, and a strong feeling prevails that Peter and his gang should be placed at the bar of a criminal court. Out of £361,000 of deposits this precious "bank" has managed in ten years to waste and squander upwards of £300,000, of which sum not less than £147,000 has been lost on interest and working expenses alone! The other £160,000 seems to have gone on bankrupt or wound-up insurance companies, patent boot and shoe schemes, or foreign credit dodges. The capital account, though nominally £100,000, never had more than £20,000 at most paid up, and of this a considerable portion was received from the directors out of loans granted to themselves out of the depositors' money. Of the £361,000 of the depositors, and the small paid-up capital of the company, but £55,000 remains to be divided, and of this a slice will have to be taken to pay for the winding-up in the Court of Chancery. It is a question if even 2s. in the pound will be realized—words pregnant with ruin to thousands of small depositors who were tempted into Peter's spider's web through the lying advertisements he knew so well how to concoct and issue. It is "an ill wind that blows nobody good," and the newspapers have no reason to complain, for the advertising accounts in the ten years exceed £25,000, or about £10,000 more than the bona fide paid-up capital of the company! Something, surely, will be successfully done to punish the authors of the ruin, to whom the directors of the British Bank were as angels.

The Nashville affair has resulted, it is said, in allowing the Confederate ship the same privileges in British waters, and no note, to those awarded to Federal craft, and of which the James Adger recently received the benefit. The American Ambassador has tried hard to get a distinction established against the Confederates in favour of his clients; but report has it that it failed. We have, as a Government, recognised the Confederate States as belligerents, though we have not admitted them as a power into the community of nations, and, to use an old, but expressive proverb, we cannot make "fish of one and flesh of the other," which ever way our sympathies may run. The result is, that the Nashville will be allowed to rest herself at Southampton, sufficiently for sea purposes, and then she will have to trust to her heels, i.e., her sailing powers when she gets into the open sea, for the Federal cruisers will have a sharp eye on the look-out for her, to give her, if caught, a dose of the same physic she doled out to the Harvey Birch. The fact that the bench of magistrates at Southampton refused to interfere, upon the request of Captain Nelson, to compel Lieutenant Peagrim to deliver up his chronometer, clothing, and private papers, show that the authorities recognise the capture of the Federal merchant ship as a lawful seizure.

There is a talk that among the sights and sounds of next year will be an English Opera at Drury Lane Theatre, to conclude, it is added, Mademoiselle Tietjens and Mr. Sims Reeves.

Alfred Tennyson, it appears, has complied with the request of the commissioners of the Exhibition to write the inaugural odes. Let us hope that unlike the "Balaklava Charge" it will

be worthy of his great powers. Mr. Sterndale Bennett is to write the music for it, and the ode is already in the hands of the composer.

AN OBSERVER.

## DEFEAT OF THE CONFEDERATES ON SANTA ROSA ISLAND, BY A PART OF WILSON'S ZOUAVES, 6TH REGIMENT N.Y. VOLUNTEERS, AND 85 REGULARS, UNDER MAJOR VOGDES.

(SEE TWO PAGE ENGRAVING.)

ABOUT 3½ o'clock on the morning of the 9th inst., the enemy attacked Wilson's Zouaves in force. Company E, Third Infantry, Capt. Hildt, and twenty-seven men of Company A, First Artillery, Lieut. Taylor, eighty-five men, all under command of Major Vogdes, sallied from the fort and met the enemy at some distance above Camp Brown. In the first attack of the regulars Major Vogdes was taken prisoner. Capt. Hildt assumed command immediately, engaged and repulsed the enemy. Soon after, Major Arnold advanced to the assistance of Capt. Hildt, and the united commands proceeded until they arrived at the place where the enemy had disembarked. Here the rebels were found in the act of leaving on their steamers. Major Arnold's command then opened upon them a destructive fire, which was very severe in its effects.

The loss on the Federal side was four killed, twenty-one wounded, and ten prisoners of the regulars; ten killed, sixteen wounded, and nine taken prisoners of the Zouaves. The opposition loss was very severe. Eleven of their dead were found in one heap. After the engagement twenty-two were found killed on the field, five were wounded, and thirty-three were taken prisoners.

The Confederates lost, by their own statement, 350 killed wounded, and missing.

## CAPTURE AND DESTRUCTION OF AN AMERICAN SHIP AT THE MOUTH OF THE CHANNEL BY A CONFEDERATE STEAMER OF WAR.

The greatest excitement was occasioned in Southampton last week by the arrival in the river of a steamer, with the Confederate flag of America flying at the peak, and a pennant at the main. She proved to be the Confederate steamer Nashville, which ran the blockade a short time since—viz., 26th October. She brings the crew (twenty-nine in number) of the American ship Harvey Birch, and landed them in the docks with all their personal effects. The latter is a full-rigged vessel of 1,500 tons burden, cost 150,000 dollars, and was bound from Havre to New York in ballast.

The following is the statement of Capt. W. H. Nelson:—The American ship, Harvey Birch, Captain W. H. Nelson, of New York, left Havre on Saturday, the 17th inst., bound to New York, in ballast, when in lat. 40° 6' N., long. 9° 52' W., was brought to by the Confederate steamer Nashville, C. mmander Peagrim, late of the United States' navy. The Harvey Birch was immediately boarded by the officers and crew of the Nashville, who were at once ordered on board the Confederate steamer, allowing Captain Nelson and crew to take a few of their effects and some fresh provisions. The Harvey Birch was then ordered to be fired by Captain Peagrim, who remained alongside until she was burnt to the water's edge. Captain Nelson stated that Commander Peagrim informed him that he held no commission from the Confederate Government of America as a war steamer (or letter of marque); further, that himself and two mates were treated exceedingly well whilst on board the steamer, but his crew were all placed in irons immediately. Captain Nelson stated, that the Nashville shipped her crew in Charleston, which is composed chiefly of English and Irish lads, that they were shipped under false pretences, and forced to sign other articles when on board; and that Commander Peagrim endeavoured to compel himself and crew to take the oath of allegiance, and not to take up arms against the Southern States. The captain of the Harvey Birch, immediately on his landing in the docks, placed himself under the protection of Captain Britton, the American consul at this port.

The following is the report of Commander Peagrim:—On the morning of the 19th inst., at eight a. m., sighted the packet-ship Harvey Birch, of New York; immediately bore down upon her, and when near enough hailed her, having unlimbered guns and cleared decks for action. Then spoke the vessel, and ordered the captain to haul down his colours and bring his papers on board. The stars and stripes immediately went down slowly, and Captain Nelson and his crew came on board the Nashville. Captain Peagrim then informed him he demanded an unconditional surrender, but all private effects would be respected. The crew were then brought on board, and with the exception of Captain Nelson, his two mates, and a passenger, placed in irons. The captain and mates were allowed to retain their revolvers, but put upon parole. A few provisions were then brought on board, and the Harvey Birch committed to the flames. Before the Nashville left her, the three masts were seen to fall, and the entire vessel was enveloped in a burning mass. Captain Peagrim states that the burning of the ship and hauling down of her flag was the most painful act of his life, having for a period of thirty-two years fought and served under the United States' flag.

The Nashville brought as passengers, under orders of the Hon. the Secretary of the Navy, Colonel Peyton and lady. Colonel Peyton is on special duty for the State of North Carolina, and notwithstanding the length of the voyage and the heavy weather experienced throughout her passage, which carried away portions of her paddle-boxes, &c., they are in good health. Colonel Peyton says that there are 750,000 bales of cotton of the old crop and over four millions of bales of the new crop, and fifty million dollars' worth of tobacco and naval stores ready for shipment.

Colonel Peyton says that Messrs. Mason and Slidell, the Southern commissioners, left Charleston on the 12th October, in the steamer Theodore, passing through the blockading squadron at night. Their safe arrival was reported at Cardenas, Cuba, before the Nashville left Charleston, on the 26th ult., and they are expected to arrive here by the West India steamer La Plata, due on the 29th inst.

Captain Peagrim is an old officer of the United States' Navy, and bore a conspicuous part in the Mexican war, in the Paraguayan and Japan expeditions, and during the war waged by the English and French in China. For his distinguished services in the State of Virginia voted him, by the unanimous voice of the General Assembly of the Legislature, a splendid sword.

Captain Peagrim indignantly denies the statement of Capt. Nelson, that he holds no commission from the Confederate States of America, and has furnished the following, which is a copy of his commission under the Confederate seal:—

(Copy.)

The President of the Confederate States of America, to all who shall see these presents, greeting.

Know ye that, reposing special trust and confidence in the patriotism, valour, fidelity, and abilities of Robert B. Peagrim, I do appoint him a lieutenant in the navy of the Confederate States, to rank as such from 10th day of June, A.D. 1861.

He is, therefore, carefully and diligently to discharge the duty of lieutenant, by doing and performing all manner of things whereunto belonging, and I do strictly charge all officers and others under his command to be obedient to his orders as lieutenant.

And he is to observe and follow such orders and directions as from time to time he shall receive from me, or the future President of the Confederate States of America, or the superior officers set over him, according to the rules and discipline of war.

Given under my hand, at the city of Richmond, this 25th day of September, in the year of our Lord, 1861.

(Signed) JEFFERSON DAVIS.

By the President, S. R. MALLARY,  
Secretary of the Navy.

Captain Nelson applied on Monday to the Southampton magistrates for a warrant to search the Nashville, in order to recover the ship's charts and other things from the Harvey Birch, which he alleges were stolen by the men of the Nashville. The magistrates refused to grant a warrant, and referred Captain Nelson to the Secretary of State. A letter from the Mayor was read, which stated that Capt. Nelson had applied to his court, and that if it were in his jurisdiction he should have no hesitation in granting the application.

There are contradictory reports as to the ship being allowed to rest at Southampton; one version being that a Cabinet Council had resolved against it, and another that it was to be permitted.

Our engraving on page 117 represents the scene after the Nashville had set the Harvey Birch on fire. Captain Nelson has since made a formal protest against the piratical act.

FEARFUL CALAMITY IN EDINBURGH.  
GREAT LOSS OF LIFE.

A most calamitous and heartrending occurrence took place a few minutes after one o'clock on Sunday morning, in the sudden fall of a densely-populated "land" or tenement of dwelling-houses in the lower division of the High-street, Edinburgh, which resulted—so far as has yet been ascertained—in the death of twenty-six persons, and the injury, more or less severe, of thirteen others. The tenement was situated on the north side of the street, between Ballie Fyfe's-close on the west, and Paisley's-close on the east, and was joined at the back (on the east side) by the gable end of another "land," which extended down Paisley's-close. Although it is believed that the building which was eight stories high contained about twenty-five householders, many of whom kept lodgers, and that the total number of inmates was not less than eighty or ninety. The circumstances immediately attending the calamity are as follows: Sergeant Rennie, of the night police, was passing down Skinner's-close along with another policeman, when they heard a loud noise, and behind the whole line of houses, before which one of them had been only three minutes before, fell with a tremendous crash, and in another instant it was apparently swallowed up amid clouds of dust and rubbish. As the dust cleared away, a yawning chasm, thirty yards in breadth, became visible; the whole of the floors from top to bottom had given way and fallen perpendicularly downwards, while the front wall fell outwards, and only the back wall (partly supported by the back land before mentioned) and the two gables, being party-walls connected with the adjoining houses, were left standing. In most of the stories all around the walls thus laid bare in a moment fires were burning—the fire places being left standing, as well as the presses recessed in the wall, with all the contents of the latter, consisting of crockery, household and cooking utensils, &c., exposed to view in the clear, calm moonlight. Instantly wailing sounds arose from the ruins, with here and there cries of Mother, mother, from little children rudely awakened out of sleep by rafter and rubbish falling upon them in their beds, but over the greater portion of the mass brooded a ghastly silence which was yet more doleful. In a few minutes the street seemed alive with people running about eagerly inquiring what had happened; and the occupants of the surrounding houses, startled from their sleep, raised their windows, and as soon as some vague idea of the awful nature of the calamity reached them, poured forth into the streets. In the meantime Rennie and the other constable had rushed to the police office with the intelligence that a house had fallen in the High-street, and in a short time the members of the Fire Brigade, and a large detachment of policemen, arrived on the ground.

By two o'clock a.m. the street was blocked up with people and barricades were placed across it, above and below the ruined building. The firemen, reinforced by a number of labourers who volunteered, were formed into gangs and immediately commenced operations. The parts of the ruins from which the cries proceeded were first examined, and, after great, arduous, and cautious labour, beams of wood were raised, and tons of debris were dug out, and a great number of poor creatures—men, women, and children—still in life, but nearly all of them more or less injured, were extricated.

When the fire brigade suspended their arduous labours at a quarter to four o'clock, no fewer than forty-two persons had been dug out of the ruins. Several of these were children and strange to say, had received little or no injuries; fifteen were so severely injured that they had to be conveyed to the Royal Infirmary, where two have since died. The remaining twenty were taken out quite lifeless. The scene presented in the dead house of the police-office, where the corps were conveyed, was one of the most harrowing description.

The house whose sudden fall has been the cause of this great calamity is supposed to have been nearly three hundred years old.

In consequence of the insecure condition of the tenement on the north, east, and west sides of that which had fallen, the whole of these houses were cleared of their inhabitants, and temporary accommodation was provided for them in the

of Refuge, the Royal Infirmary, the Police Office, and other places.

Since the above was written four more bodies have been found. At eight o'clock on Tuesday morning workmen commenced to endeavour to pull down the north wall and eastern gable of the house, which were a source of extreme danger for the men employed. In clearing away the ruins, about one o'clock they succeeded in removing the back wall, but only a fragment of the eastern gable gave way, and the work of excavation was resumed early in the afternoon. About half-past three o'clock two more dead bodies were discovered; half-an-hour afterwards two others. This makes 24 dead bodies that have now been recovered from the ruins, and two have died from the injuries received at the accident, making in all 26 deaths. A considerable number, however, are undoubtedly yet in the ruins.

#### ANOTHER TERRIBLE TRAGEDY AT ALDERSHOT.

BEFORE the mingled horror and indignation awakened by the last recorded military tragedies has had time to subside—while Sergeant-Major Kennedy lies on his bed of agony, his life trembling in the balance—the Camp at Aldershot has again been startled by another dreadful murder. The scene of the tragedy is the West Block, Permanent Barracks, where the 78th Highlanders have been quartered for some time. From information, it appears that Sergeant John Dixon and Corporal William Campbell proceeded to call the roll in the usual way. While thus engaged Private Thomas Jackson took his rifle from the rack, and in an instant discharged it at the sergeant. The ball passed in at the right shoulder blade of the unfortunate man, went through his body diagonally, and made its exit at the left breast. It then entered the right shoulder of the corporal, which it passed through, and next went through partition into the non-commissioned officers' bunk, struck against the opposite wall, when it flattened and rebounded. Poor Dixon turned partly round, and fell forward on his face, and almost in an instant ceased to exist. Jackson was instantly captured, and with the assistance of some others conveyed to the guard-room. He was there placed in the strong-room with another prisoner, who was confined for being drunk, the sergeant of the guard not then knowing his crime. Directly afterwards Marshall informed the sergeant that Jackson was charged with murder, and on the sergeant entering the cell for the purpose of handcuffing him he found that the prisoner had made an attempt to strangle the drunken man, and said he certainly would have murdered him but for the sergeant's entrance.

The rifle No. 232, belonging to Jackson, was found to have an exploded cap on, and appeared to have been recently discharged. A loose packet of ammunition was handed to Mr. Howard, one round of which was deficient. The cover of this packet bore the name of Private D. Munroe. The colonel and Captain Evans having held a conversation with the superintendent respecting the prisoner, stated that the military authorities had no power in England to deal with cases of murder. The prisoner was brought from the cell, where he was confined, handcuffed, and dressed only in his tartan trousers and shirt. He is a light-haired, strong, broad-set, beardless youth, about five feet six inches in height, and bore a careless bravado sort of aspect as he was brought forth from the guard-room. He was led out by the police, one on each side, and the colonel sent an escort of twelve men of the guard, together with the sergeant-major, to render assistance in case of need. Under this escort of civil and military power, the prisoner was conveyed to the police-station. There was found on the prisoner a snapcap and a percussion cap. It appears that, previous to the occurrence, he had been in a canteen, and was heard by Private Andrew Cormick to say that he would have some one's life that night. When charged at the police-station with murder, he manifested the utmost indifference, and said, "Sure it won't make any difference to me; not a bit."

Sergeant John Dixon was 35 years of age. He enlisted into the 78th Highlanders on the 23rd of April, 1845, and has occupied the position of sergeant for about five years. He was present with the regiment throughout the Persian and Indian campaigns. He married at Fort George, in November, 1859, and leaves a widow in an advanced state of pregnancy, and one child fifteen months old. Corporal William Campbell is in his 22nd year, is a native of Forfar, in Scotland, and is now in the general hospital. The miscreant, Thomas Jackson, is only twenty years of age, and is a native of Barnard-castle, near Durham. He enlisted in June, 1858, by special authority, being under age. He deserted in August, 1858, and subsequently enlisted into the 39th Regiment, under an assumed name. It is supposed his right name is Johnson. He was brought back to the 78th Regiment in October, 1860, at Edinburgh, and while there was tried for breaking his rifle and smashing a window, for which offence he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

It is a noticeable fact that when the report of the rifle was heard, a man who was standing outside the barracks was observed to make off; and Jackson, after being arrested, said, "There are to be some more shot. It is to be done on the 15th, or before Christmas."

The coroner's inquest on the body of Sergeant Dixon, was opened on Monday. The evidence was conclusive as to the prisoner's guilt. It appeared, also, that the ruffian entertained some feeling of ill-will towards the deceased, and that he predicted that other non-commissioned officers would share his fate. The jury returned a verdict of wilful murder, and made an addendum expressing their conviction that prompt measures ought to be adopted by the military authorities to prevent, as far as may be possible, the repetition of the diabolical crimes. The coroner then said that in a case of murder by a soldier twelve months' ago the jury had made a similar recommendation, which he had forwarded to the Duke of Cambridge, but beyond a brief acknowledgment of its receipt nothing had been done. The coroner made some further remarks on the subject, which are worthy of careful consideration. It is obvious that the intervention of public opinion has now become necessary.

It is at Brussels that the greatest quantity of beer is consumed; at Stockholm, the most brandy; at Madrid, the most chocolate; at Paris the most absinthe; at Constantinople, the most coffee; and at London the greatest quantity of strong wines.

#### LAW AND POLICE

**CRIMINAL INFORMATION**—In this case a rule was obtained by Mr. Manisty, Q.C., on the 13th inst., calling upon the defendant, a bookseller at Northampton, to show cause why a criminal information should not be filed against him for libels against the Rev. Sydney Gedge, Vicar of Altham, Northampton, relative to the collection of the vicar's rate in lieu of tithes. The libels consisted of a handbill and an extract from the *National Reformer*. The extract from the *National Reformer* referred to spoke of him as a two-legged leech, a legal robber in the body corporate, and as a gentleman in black going about seeking whom he might devour. Mr. Sergeant Parry and Dr. Foster showed cause against the rule. Mr. Manisty, Q.C., supported the rule. The Lord Chief Justice said, when this Court granted a rule, the applicant ought to rely on the Court, and not interfere. This gentleman, it appeared, was not content to set himself right, but he had gone so far as to publish matters libellous of the person against whom he sought the information. If he had done it before the rule was granted, it was clear he would not have had the rule. Rule discharged.

**THE EXTENSIVE ROBBERIES OF JEWELS**—Thomas Thompson, a stout, well-dressed man, of respectable appearance, wearing a large moustache, who had been remanded on the charge of stealing a brilliant necklace, worth 72 guineas, from the shop of Mr. Attornborough, in the Strand, was brought before Mr. Henry on Monday, at Bow-street, to answer several other charges of the same description. Mr. Lewis, jun., again attended for the prisoner. The first case taken was preferred by Mr. R. B. Starling, of Great Portland-street, jeweller, &c. George Herber, an assistant to the prosecutor, proved that the prisoner, with a companion, entered the shop on the 25th October last, in the afternoon, and requested to be shown some bracelets from the window, as he wanted one for his wife. He looked at several, and said they were not small enough. Others were shown to him, but the two men eventually went away without buying anything, saying they would call again next day. Shortly after they had left the shop, witness missed a diamond bracelet, worth 30*l*. They did not call the next day, nor ever since. The next charge was prosecuted by Mr. Richard S. Waylett, 233, Oxford-street, whose shop was visited by the prisoner and his companion on the 7th of November last. Two days afterwards a pair of brilliant ear-rings were missed from the window, near where the prisoner stood. They were worth 60*l*. It was stated that there were many other charges, but Mr. Henry committed the prisoner for trial on three.

**BRUTAL MURDER**—A barbarous murder was committed late on Thursday night or early on Friday morning, at a place called Durban-hill, about half a mile on this side of Carlisle. The victim is an old woman named Jane Emerson, about sixty years of age who lived alone in a cottage near the Newcastle and Carlisle Rail-way. At half-past six on Friday morning the poor woman was found by a servant of the company murdered beside the line, within a few yards of the cottage porch. Her face was covered with blood, one eye had been driven in with a sharp instrument, the skull fractured, and there were several cuts on the face, one of which had apparently been inflicted by a stone. An inquest was held on the body on Saturday, when, after several witnesses had deposed to the facts as given above, the proceedings were adjourned for a week. Up to Saturday the murderer was still at large.

**TERRIBLE TRAGEDY IN DUBLIN**—One of the most terrible and painful tragedies that has occurred in Dublin for years past was enacted last week, at 25, South Cumberland-street, at between ten and eleven a.m. It appears that the perpetrator of this frightful outrage, a man named William Molloy, with his wife, sister-in-law, and the two murdered children, occupied the top room of the house No. 25, South Cumberland-street. He had been a waiter in an hotel at Bray, but left his situation on the 10th of September last, and since then has been unable to obtain employment. He and his family were consequently reduced in circumstances, and he had to part with whatever little property they possessed in order to purchase the necessities of life. They were brought to that state of poverty that they had barely enough food to suffice for Wednesday, and to procure that he had, on the previous day, to send some of his shirt-collars to the pawn-office. To this circumstance is attributed the origin of this dreadful occurrence. On examining his shirt-collars on Wednesday morning he stated that they were not correct—that there were some of them missing, and became very angry. His sister-in-law, a woman named Ely, told him that he should not be so unreasonable, and that if he did not believe that they were all right, he could go to the pawn-office, and see that none of them had been put astray. This seemed to render him quite frantic with rage, and seizing a poker, he rushed upon her, and inflicted a serious wound on her left temple. She ran from him, and fled down the stairs. His wife interposed to pacify him, but he turned upon her, and most savagely attacked her, cutting her with the poker on the head in several places, and about her person. After struggling with him for some minutes, she likewise succeeded in freeing herself from his grasp, and ran down the stairs. He did not attempt to follow her, and it seems that now the most tragic and melancholy feature of this terrible occurrence took place. Rendered mad at being, as it were, thwarted in his murderous attacks on his sister-in-law and wife, he took up a knife, and catching hold of the youngest child, a fine boy of two years, named William, he inflicted a frightful gash across his throat, severing the head almost from the body. Then seeing the oldest child, Arthur, he, with the same instrument, cut his throat, but the wound did not cause instantaneous death. He now appeared to have become conscious of the terrible deed he had committed, for he immediately cried out in the most agonizing and frantic manner for help—weeping bitterly. Police constable Andrew Walsh, 117 B, met the wife as she was proceeding along the street, crying, "Murder," and on hearing from her what had occurred, he hastened to the house, and on entering the room, found the wretched man, with a rug on his shoulders, leaning over his child, Arthur, who was still alive, and pitifully calling for help, and, in mournful tones, exclaiming, "I am sorry, I am sorry." He did not offer the least resistance to the constable, but quietly resigned himself to his custody. The prisoner has been since committed for trial on both magistrates' and coroner's warrants.

#### THE "BANK OF DEPOSIT."

The report of Messrs. Hardinge, Pullein, and Co., as to the affairs of the Bulk of Deposit and the National Assurance and Investment Association is published. It gives a most deplorable picture of the sacrifice of money entrusted to the managing director and his colleagues, and, taken as the figures are now presented, there is scarcely the prospect of 3*l*. in the pound. The liabilities are returned at 364,636*l*, of which 362,597*l* is the total of the amount to the credit of depositors. The assets may be taken at 55,086*l*, leaving the deficiency, which has been quadrupled, 309,553*l*. The history of this undertaking, which is furnished in the report, is perhaps, one of the most disastrous ever known, and it can hardly be supposed that the conduct of the parties implicated will be allowed to pass unpunished. Since the days of the Royal British Bank no exposure of mismanagement has been so startling, and the loss will, as in that case, fall principally upon the industrial classes, who, tempted by the attraction of a high rate of interest, have placed their savings in this institution. The business transacted seems from the mass to have been conducted in a doubtful and irregular manner, and certainly with the view of saving the interests of those interested with the load and its management. The funds have been sunk in various kinds of enterprise—the greatest extent apparently in defunct or winding-up insurance adventures, while even foreign Credit Companies, and Barnard's Patent Brot and

Company, figure as having received assistance from this source. The State Fire Office has been largely mixed up with the Bulk of Deposit, through Mr. Peter Morrison, the manager, with the other directors, having also been interested in the success of that establishment. The loss involved is considerable, and it is feared no important amount will be recovered, the State Insurance Company being in process of liquidation. Going back as far as 1852 the loss by interest and expenses in that year was 4,959*l*, the amount due to depositors being 4,303*l*, and the state of things has subsequently existed until the former item, in 1860, reached 147,935*l*, and the latter 348,096*l*. Comment is not required on disclosures of this nature, except that no pains should be spared, either in Chancery or Bankruptcy, to investigate the transactions of the directors and managers, and to make them, if possible, criminally responsible for what they have done. Of course the old cry will be set up, "A loss has been incurred, we had better not grumble, but make the best of it"; it is to be hoped, however, it will not avail, and that speedy measures will be adopted to put the law in force against the whole of these individuals.

The following table, with the yearly progress towards this gigantic swindle. It is an analysis of entries contained in the book, showing the gradual progress of the insolvency from the year 1852. The amounts inserted in the first column do not include any losses by bad debts or by unsound investment, and it does not appear that such items have at any time been dealt with.

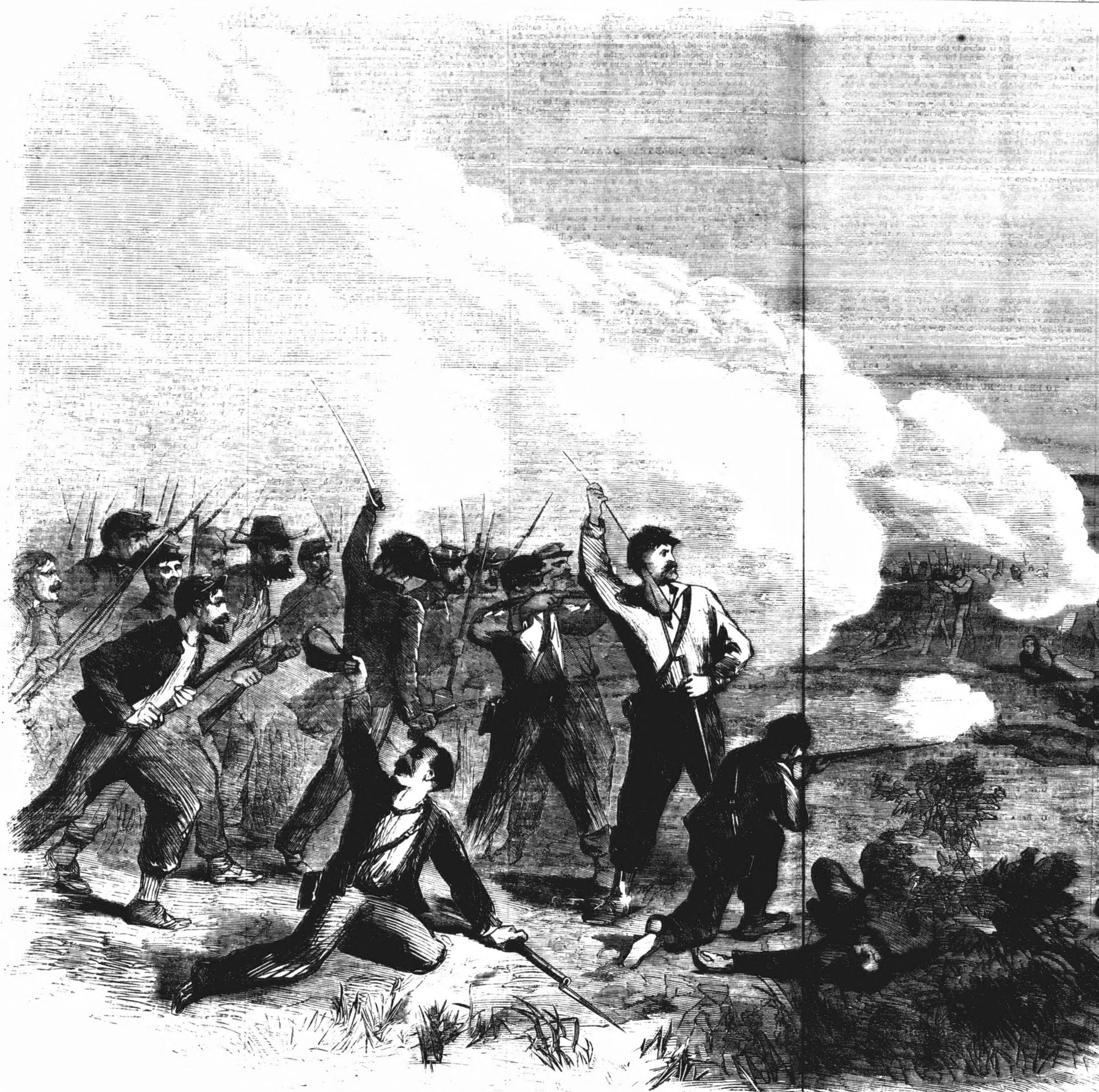
	Loss by Interest and Expenses to 31 December in each year.	Amount appearing to be due to Depositors on 31 December in each year.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
1852	4,969 10 0	4,303 8 0
1853	12,259 6 19	30,513 0 5
1854	18,105 15 5	79,196 16 5
1855	38,804 17 5	118,205 15 9
1856	48,782 5 6	161,822 12 5
1857	66,061 16 5	179,740 17 3
1858	92,376 3 1	226,362 8 1
1859	112,628 15 0	296,078 9 0
1860	147,935 14 9	348,096 18 9

#### THE PEEP O'DAY SCENE OF THE FOHIL DHUV, OR DARK VALLEY. SEE FRONT PAGE

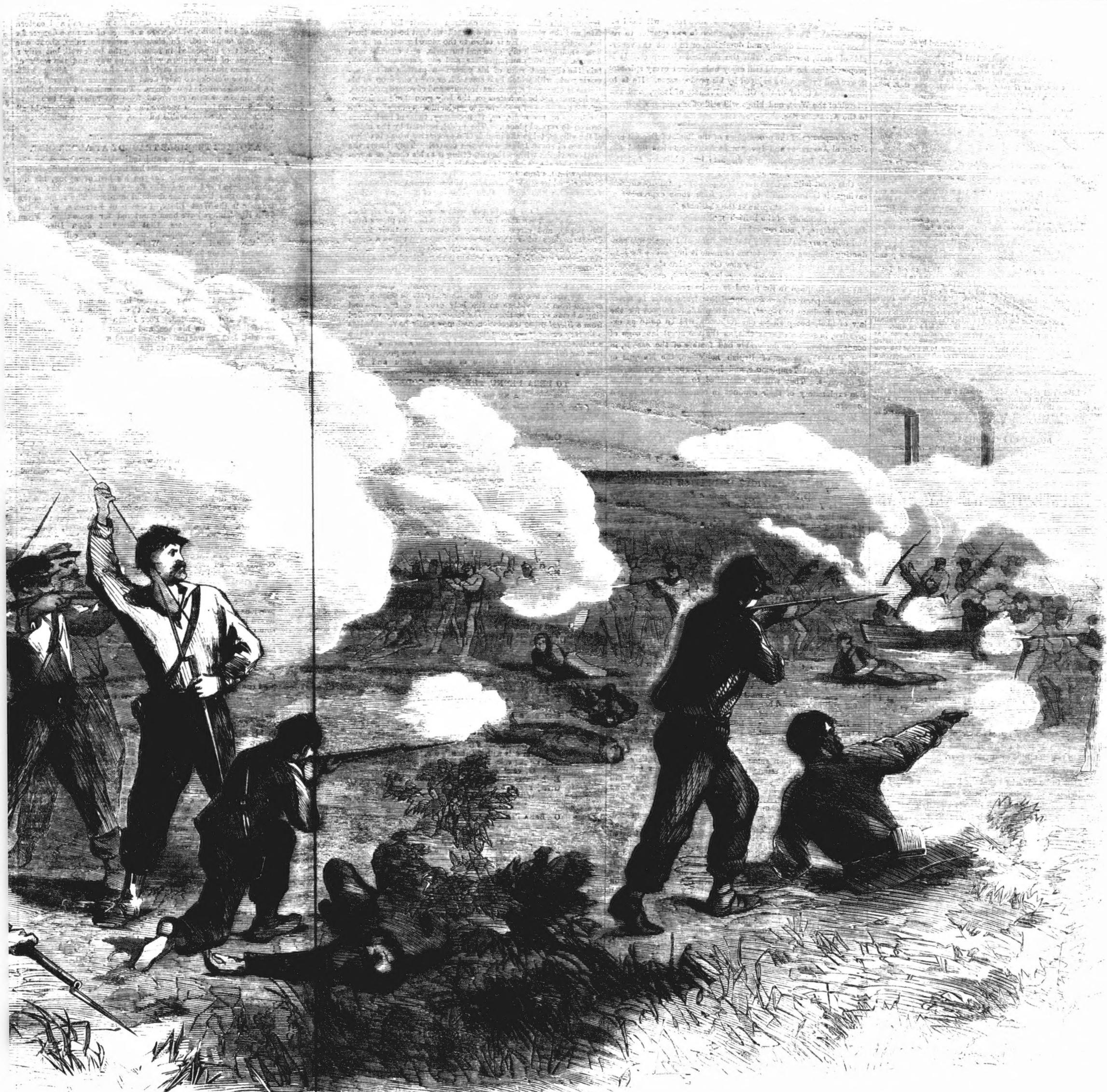
Our engraving gives a representation of one of the finest scenes in the play of "Peep O'Day," now performing with so much success at the Lyceum Theatre. It constitutes the finish of the third act, and the *tableau* is one of the most exciting and effective things of the kind we have ever seen. Kathleen, through a forged letter purporting to be written by her brother Harry, who has returned from transportation, is induced to visit the *Fohil Dhuv*, or Dark Valley, in order to meet him in secret. The time is night, and the foreground of the scene represents an old quarry with almost perpendicular sides covered with sparse vegetation and straggling trees. In order to reach the place of rendezvous and get down into the quarry, Kathleen must cross a frail wooden bridge, laid across the chasm. On descending, instead of finding her brother, she meets with "Black Mullins," the low villain of the piece, who is digging a grave, having been employed by "Stephen Purcell" to get rid of her, to whom he is secretly married, in order to secure the hand and fortune of "Mary Grace." "Mullins" discloses his intention, and "Kathleen" flies and hides herself in one of the recesses of the quarry. To secure his victim, and cut off her retreat, "Mullins" proceeds to knock down the frail bridge, and then searches for "Kathleen," in which he is successful. A fearful struggle ensues, at the moment of which "Harry Kavanagh" appears on the brink of the quarry, (having acquired a knowledge of the foul plot against his sister,) and, seizing the low branches of a large tree which grows up from the valley, he suddenly swings himself down, and effects the deliverance of his sister, while "Barney O'Toole" (his faithful foster brother) is seen shouting in great excitement above. The engraving represents the group exactly as the parties appear at this critical and exciting moment.

#### SPORTING NEWS.

**FOOT RACE BETWEEN DEERFOOT AND BARKER.**—Notwithstanding the numerous engagements which Deerfoot, the Indian runner, has fulfilled, and the opportunities which the public have had of witnessing his feats, interest has by no means subsided, and the desire to see him is as strong as on his first appearance. The contest on Monday was for the ten-mile champion's cup, which Deerfoot had won and held since he defeated White, of Gateshead, and Mills, in his contest for that trophy, at the same grounds, on the 23rd of September. White, who had held the four, six, and ten-mile cup, was believed to be one of the best pedestrians that England had ever produced, and his defeat by the Indian on that occasion created no little surprise among his supporters. In due course Deerfoot was challenged by Barker, another famous runner, for the ten-mile cup, which he wrested from White in September, added to a sweepstakes of 25 sovs each. The scene of Monday's contest was at a place known as Mr. Baum's, White Lion, Hackney Wick, a short railway ride from the Fenchurch-street Station. The race was appointed to take place at 8 o'clock, and by that hour there could not have been less than 8,000 persons present. When the men stood side by side the disparity was very great. Deerfoot, to use a common phrase, looking "big enough to eat" his English antagonist. Barker, from his pinched cheeks, had evidently undergone a most rigorous course of training, and his muscles looked hard and cleanly defined. The signal having been given, the "child of the Prairie" and the Englishman darted from mark. Barker ran in an easy, finished manner, but Deerfoot, as usual, moved with a slouchy gait, with his head rolling from side to side. Barker took a lead of about a yard, with the Indian running and "wailing in his track," and they ran in this order until a tremendous cheer announced that Deerfoot had deprived Barker of a "spurt," and passed the Indian amid great cheering. The Englishman kept the lead until the 24th lap, when the Indian, throwing his head back like a deer, rustled past him, and for some time the race was very exciting, each man alternately leading, the fluctuations in the contest giving rise to uproarious shouting. In the 36th lap Barker, whose face had become deadly pale, placed his hand in a distressed condition on the region of his heart, suffering from a painful "stitch," and the Indian, perceiving this, gave a leap and a complete war-whoop, and passed his man. Barker, however, recovering himself, ran on, in evident pain, but struggling with extraordinary pluck, passed the Indian amid a great demonstration from the crowd. Deerfoot soon, however, resumed the lead; and finally, in the 63rd round, Barker, when making the top bend, fell down heavily from sheer exhaustion and distress, and the Indian, without diminishing his speed, tore round the ground, completing the last five laps by himself, and when he had performed his task he gave a shrill cry of triumph, and leapt in exultation. The Indian was lost in the last distress, and, indeed, scarcely showed any signs of the severe race he had run, except in the heaving of his massive chest. The multitude in the gallery would not disperse until they had summoned Deerfoot to a window to receive an ovation, which the Indian acknowledged by a shrill war-whoop and a flourish of the handsome champion's cup which he had, for the second time, vigorously contested. The time in which the race was run up to Barker's fall was 50 min 34 sec.



DEFEAT OF THE CONFEDERATES ON SANTA ROSA ISLAND, BY A PARTY OF WILSON'S ZOUAVES, 6TH REGIMENT N.Y. VOLUNTEERS, AND 80TH REGULARS, UNDER MAJOR VODGES.



ISLAND, BY A PARTY OF WILSON'S ZOUAVES, 6th REGIMENT N.Y. VOLUNTEERS, AND 80th REGULARS, UNDER MAJOR VODGES.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER ALFRED TICKEN.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. I.—Your friend is quite correct. A cannon can be made of leather. A leather cannon was proved at Edinburgh, and fired several times, on the 23d of October, 1788.

CHARLES.—Chloroform, as an anaesthetic agent, was discovered by an American, Mr. Thomas Morton, of Boston.

B.—The Lord Mayor's Show was instituted in 1453-4.

O.—Drury Lane is the oldest of our London theatres. It was originally a cockpit, and was turned into a theatre in the reign of James I. It has been several times pulled down, and burnt down, and rebuilt. John Kemble made his first appearance in this theatre as *Hamlet*, Sept. 30, 1783. The O. P. riots occurred in Covent Garden Theatre in 1809.

ESQUIRE.—Paganini died May 29, 1840.

F.—The first regular newspaper was published in 1663. The word *news* originated in the early practice of placing the initial letters of the four points of the compass on some part of the paper, to indicate that it contained intelligence from the four quarters of the world. The sign was given thus: —

N. — W.

S.

A QUETST.—Schinderhannes, the famous robber of the Rhine, was in some respects like our Robin Hood. He robbed the rich only, especially Jews and the priests, and regularly gave a portion of his booty to the poor. He had a gang of 200 men.

ANNA.—A fair exchange is no robbery; but a black child for a white one is not a fair exchange. The case you refer to occurred in Calcutta in 1835. A very similar case occurred in this country at a cottage near Turnham-green, 1811-12. A married lady, who had perhaps been too intimate with a person who had black blood in his veins, called at the cottage, and, complaining of fatigue and want of refreshment, gave the female tenant a bank note to get changed. When the poor woman returned with the change the lady had vanished. A cry was heard from the cradle. To the poor woman's horror, she found her own child gone, and a strange child of a dark colour left in its place. To the breast of the little half-caste was affixed a hundred pound note.

A SUBSCRIBER.—"Many a slip 'twix cup and lip." It is an old Latin proverb: *Multa inter pocula ait, liba canunt.* The origin is said to have been a story of a king of Turaco. It was prophesied that he would never taste the juice of his own vineyard. When he held in his hand a cup of the wine that vineyard had produced, he laughed at the prophet. "Ah!" said the latter, "there's many a slip 'twix cup and lip." As the King was lifting the cup, news was brought to him that a monstrous boar was laying waste his vineyard. He dropped the cup and hurried off to attack the boar. The animal turned upon him, and the royal hunter did not live to taste his own wine.

A. ADMIRER.—Mr. Booth, the father of the present actor of that name, was so like his rival Edmund Kean, in voice, countenance, and figure and imitated him so closely in his principal parts, that it was very easy to mistake the one actor for the other. The elder Booth's *Sur Giles Overreach* was considered a powerful performance; and we really think the same of the son's personation of the same character.

All business letters and orders for advertisements must be addressed to Mr. William Oliver, publisher, 13, Catherine-street, Strand, in whose favour Post-office orders, payable at the Strand office, must be drawn.

All communications in the literary and news departments to be addressed to the Editor of the "Illustrated Weekly News," as above.

## NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.

Publishers will much oblige by forwarding to us the titles of forthcoming publications; and any books they may wish to have noticed should be sent early in the week, addressed "to the Editor of the 'Illustrated Weekly News,' 13, Catherine-street, Strand, London."

## THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1861.

A VERY remarkable document, which will always have a place in the page of history, and which may possibly be the immediate precursor of some most eventful change, has just found its way into our newspapers. It was written by Baron Ricasoli to Pope Pius the Ninth. It is dated August 1, 1861. For a minister of any State personally to address the successor of St. Peter in this style is of course a great informality, but Baron Ricasoli mentions, as his excuse for his direct appeal, that the King of Italy had previously written with his own hand to the Pontiff, and had received either no answer at all, or not such a one as was due to his dignity as a sovereign. This long and important epistle from the Italian Prime Minister is written with great care, and is scrupulously respectful in manner; but the matter cannot but be offensive. The pill must be truly distasteful, however delicately gilded; and no rhetoric however artful, could give an air of genuine humility and politeness to a request to his Holiness that he will have the kindness to resign all his temporal power.

We ought not to be surprised that the Pope turns a deaf ear to so mortifying a proposition. Victor Emanuel is anxious to get possession of Rome, and the Pope is equally anxious to keep it to himself. It is difficult to believe that Baron Ricasoli or his sovereign would have ventured to make this bold request without the secret sanction of Louis Napoleon. It is pretty clearly hinted that if the Pope rejects the terms now offered to him he will do so in vain, and that this letter is only a hint that it will be better for him to resign voluntarily than to allow himself to be cashiered. He is reminded that such is the effect of the advanced spirit of the time, which condemns the close mixture of things sacred and profane, and abominates a political priesthood, that even the pious Roman Catholics begin to confess that the Pope himself would gain in spiritual influence by a sacrifice of his temporal power. As the first spiritual power in Christendom, his dignity is of the highest character; but as a temporal sovereign his position is comparatively, indeed almost ludicrously and pitifully, insignificant. He would, therefore, be little injured by its loss. Baron Ricasoli asserts that there are "prelates, bishops, and priests, who openly refuse to take part in the war of Rome against Italy, and that a much larger number loathe that war in secret." The days of the temporal power of the Pope of Rome are now evidently numbered. We always suspected that Louis Napoleon wished to see in the Pope a purely spiritual pastor; though the Emperor did not think it quite safe openly to express or act upon that feeling. But it can hardly be doubted that he now meditates withdrawing his troops from Rome under the sanction, or, rather, at the anticipated and express recommenda-

tion of the French chambers, and that he is willing to let the Pope have a hopeless and unaided struggle with Victor Emanuel.

Thus there seems to be little chance of his Holiness retaining even a vestige of political power (if France really withhold all assistance). There seems no disposition in any quarter to reduce his spiritual dignity and dominion, or to treat the venerable old man, personally, with the slightest disrespect. It is proposed that he should still enjoy unimpaired every spiritual power and prerogative enjoyed by his predecessors. He is to be Sovereign Chief of the Church, Primate of Italy, and Patriarch of the West, and kings will still offer religious homage to the Apostolic See.

THE exposure of the proceedings of the Bank of Deposit and National Assurance and Investment Association has filled the public with indignation and disgust; but while we feel the strongest sympathy for the number of small capitalists who, by this great failure, have lost their perhaps painfully effected savings, it is impossible to refrain from some expression of impatient anger and surprise at the obstinate imprudence and amazing gullibility of the British multitude. The *Times*, the *Daily Telegraph*, and several other papers of large circulation, had fully warned the people that the Bank of Deposit was conducting business on such terms as made it impossible for it to realize an honest profit. They now discover that the aggregate amount wrung from the depositors is £362,000, out of which but three shillings in the pound is to be realised! Many of our contemporaries have denounced this transaction in terms that we hesitate to repeat, having a prudent respect for the law of libel, but perhaps our reticence will be quite as expressive, in such a case as this, as the strongest language of condemnation. One deplorably bad feature of the case is, in fact, that the names of British noblemen, the Marquis of Abercorn, Lord Templemore, and Lord Keane are on the list of directors. They will be compelled to furnish a publication explanatory of their conduct in connection with such a concern.

## Literature.

"Of the things which man can do or make here below, by far the most eminent, wonderful, and worthy, are the things we call Books."

—T. CARLYLE.

## HUMAN SACRIFICES IN BRITISH INDIA!

*Carnee; or, the Victim of Khondistan: a Scene from Military Life in India.* By A. R. M. Founded on Fact. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

We hardly know whether to call this a novel or a narrative. It is the production of a female pen. Does the last of the three initials indicate the name of Macpherson? If so, perhaps the fair writer is a relative of the Captain Macpherson who was employed by the British Indian Government to put down the practice of human sacrifices among the Khonds; and the Captain Roy of the story may stand for that gallant and intelligent Bengal officer, who laid before the Supreme Government of India, in 1841, an official report of his proceedings in Khondistan. "Carnee; or, the Victim of Khondistan" is itself well worth reading; but truth is strange, stranger than fiction; and, after all, we prefer the plain undiluted matters of fact embodied in Captain Macpherson's most minute and careful report to an historical romance prepared, however skilfully, for the circulating library.

We believe the British public at home is even now so little acquainted with the facts respecting Khondistan communicated to the Indian Government, that a brief summary, from several sources, of a few of the most characteristic and important of them will be regarded here as a not unwelcome novelty.

The Khonds are a savage people, in the district of Orissa, in the East Indies. They were finally and completely subjected to the British Government in 1837. Englishmen had, for the first time, ascended the Ghats of Goonmar in the district of Orissa the year before. The lowland chiefs had been long our tributaries; but when some of them refused to satisfy our collectors, and took refuge in the hills, our troops followed them, and we became acquainted with the character of the hill tribes. The Khonds fought us with battle-axes, slings, bows and poisoned arrows, bravely enough for a time, but Sepoy troops, in small detachments under British officers, soon dispersed their largest forces, so simply armed and ill-disciplined.

It is curious that our knowledge of the customs of the Khonds is of so recent a date. The British had been located in their immediate neighbourhood for upwards of a century, and the very capital of British India is not above three hundred miles from Khondistan, yet it was not till the year 1836 that the Government was aware of the practice of human sacrifice among the Khonds, and it was not till Captain Macpherson sent in his official report in 1842 that the British Indian public had the least idea of the extent to which the practice had been carried. In one valley alone, not more than two miles in length and less than a mile broad, Captain Macpherson discovered seven victims whose immolation was temporarily prevented by the vicinity of British troops. Thousands perish annually by this brutal superstition. The principal divinity in the Pantheon of the Khonds is Bera Pennu, or the Earth Goddess. She presides over the productive energies of nature. Bad harvests, and the diseases and deaths amongst flocks and herds are always attributed to her ill-will. It is to appease her anger that human sacrifices are offered at her altar. The victim may be of any caste or nation, of any age, or of either sex. In every case the victim must be bought—an unbought life is an abomination to the goddess. The victims are abducted or kidnapped by Hindu or foreign procurers of all classes, who pursue their hateful trade for gain alone, and not from any mistaken principle of religion. The price of a victim varies from fifty to a hundred *lives*, i.e., that number of sheep, cows, fowls, pigs, &c. If the victim be a child it is very carefully preserved for religious use on some great emergency when it is necessary to propitiate the Earth-goddess. In the meanwhile the victim is regarded with a reverence approaching to adoration. If a young male victim be kept till he arrive

at manhood, it is thought a great honour to the family if he select for his wife the daughter of a Khond; but his marriage with her, even if he have a family of children by her, does not save him from the terrible divinity who expects his blood. The children inherit his unhappy fate, and the victim father is dragged without hesitation from his family circle. He is taken to the sacred ground of sacrifice, anointed with oil, ghee and turmeric, and adorned with flowers. There is an immediate and eager contention to obtain the slightest relic of his person—a particle of the turmeric paste with which he is smeared, or even one drop of his spittole is esteemed a precious treasure and of sovereign virtue. As he must not be in fetters on the holy ground of sacrifice or exhibit any show of resistance, to render him apparently passive the bones of his arms, or, if necessary, those of his legs are broken in several places. The priest, assisted by the elders of the village, takes the branch of a green tree which is cleft a distance of several feet down the centre. They insert the Meria or victim within the rift, fitting it to his chest, or sometimes to his throat. He is placed in a chink or opening of the earth, with his face downwards. The priest at last gives the dread signal by slightly wounding him with an axe. Instantly a vast crowd, with stunning shouts, blowing of horns, and beating of gongs and tom-toms, rush furiously upon the sacrifice, exclaiming "We have bought you with a price, and no stain on our heads." They then hack and tear his flesh in pieces from the bones, and strew the bloody fragments on their fields. For three days after this hideous rite no man utters a single word. The people communicate with each other by signs. At the close of the third day a buffalo is slaughtered at the place of sacrifice—and then all tongues are loosened, and the ordinary business of life is resumed under the comfortable conviction that the anger of the Earth-goddess is appeased. Usually before the victim is offered up the Khonds pass in solemn procession from the village to the holy ground of sacrifice and sing a hymn of invocation. The following is closely versified from a literal prose translation, and may really be regarded as a literary curiosity—a genuine specimen—with respect to the sentiments and images—of the sacred poetry of a savage people, now our fellow-subjects—under the authority and protection of our sovereign lady, the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, and Empress of Hindostan.

## TO BERA PENNU, THE EARTH GODDESS.

## A KHOND INVOCATION.

(Verified by Major D. L. Richardson, of the Bengal Army.)

This invocation precedes a human sacrifice.

## I.

Goddess of Earth! Dread source of i  
Thy just revenge o'er who's us still  
For rites unpaid;  
But oh, forgive! our stores are small,  
Our lessened means uncertain all,  
Devoid thine aid.

## II.

Goddess, that taught mankind to feel  
Poison in plants and death in steel—  
A fearful lord—  
Forgive, forgive! and ne'er again  
Shall we neglect thy shrine to stain  
With human gore!

## III.

Let plenty all our land o'erspread,  
Make green the ground with living bread;  
Our pastures fill  
So close with cattle side by side,  
That no lone spot may be despaired  
From nearest hill.

## IV.

And when unto the broad flat pool,  
Their thirst to quench, their sides to cool,  
Our herds we led,  
So numerous make them, that no form  
Of fish or frog, or toad or worm,  
Escapes their tread.

## V.

So fill with sheep each ample fold,  
That he who digs man-deep the mould,  
Their compost rare,  
Meet not a stone May swine abound,  
Until their plough-like snouts the ground  
For seed prepare.

## VI.

So fill our carts with childhood's din,  
That no one voice be heard within,  
Or voice without;  
Each thatch with crowded poultry hide;  
Give jars that bruise the fountain's side  
With metal out.

## VII.

Oh, BERA PENNU! once again  
Protect us in the grove and plain  
From beasts of prey;  
Nor let sly snakes or tiger bold;  
Fright children, save in stories told  
By fathers gray.

## VIII.

Oh! make it each man's only care  
Yearly to build a store-shed fair,  
For grain unspoil;  
And we thy rites will duly pay—  
Lo! one bought victim now we slay—  
One life present!

The Khonds have not only been accustomed from time immemorial to the shedding of innocent human blood on the shrine of the Earth-goddess, but have always been guilty of female infanticide, from no religious motive but on social or pecuniary grounds, and to a greater extent than any other people of India. When a woman's first child is a female it is spared, or when the head of a tribe or of a branch desires to form a connection by intermarriage. But in the majority of cases the female infant is destroyed by exposure in the jungles. As this horrible practice has no connection with any superstition, it is the more remarkable that so monstrous an outrage upon human nature should be so generally practised, or have been so long continued amongst many of the Khond

<sup>1</sup> She is held to be the source of evil, physical and moral.

<sup>2</sup> The Earth goddess has no fixed corporeal form, symbol, or temple. She occasionally assumes the form of a snake or a tiger, or of some other creature hateful or hostile to man. She is usually malevolent, but is kind to those who feed her well with human blood.

tribes. Captain Macpherson tells us that he has seen villages without a single female child in them, and amongst a hundred men there are seldom more than twenty or thirty women. Fortunately there are some of the Khond tribes that disapprove of the custom, or the country would soon want inhabitants. It is said that at the lowest estimate, above one thousand female children are destroyed annually in the districts of Pondacole, Gulodye and Bon. A Khond wife may change her husband at discretion, without any new marriage ceremony. On an average the women exercise this privilege four or five times in their lives, sometimes twice as often, but very few adhere to the first husband. No man who is without a wife can refuse to receive any woman who chooses to enter his house and proclaim her desire to be his mistress.

In spite of so many abominable customs now greatly, if not entirely, abolished by the authority of the British Government—the Khonds are upon the whole a people not to be hated or despised. On the contrary, they have many good qualities. They are faithful to their chiefs and brave in battle. They are passionately fond of individual liberty, and are rarely to servile and insincere as most Oriental people. Rather than endure slavery and imprisonment they refuse food, or tear out their tongues by the root. Their patient endurance of physical

suffering, the most excruciating and protracted, is not surpassed by the North American Indians. They are hospitable to strangers, and even to an enemy. If an enemy, though the slayer of a member of the family, take shelter in the house of a Khond, he is safer than under his own roof. "For the safety of a guest," he whom he may, they say, "life and honour are pledged; he is to be considered before one's wife or child. He is a most sacred trust." This is more than Arabian hospitality. The Khonds are strong and well made. The forehead is broad and high. The lips are full but not thick. The general expression of the countenance is indicative of intelligence and resolution, mixed with great good-humour. In salutation they raise the hand perpendicularly above the head. When two persons meet on the road, the younger says "I am on my way," and the elder replies, "Go on."

The Hindoos of Bengal often profess themselves converts to Christianity, when they are either still under the influence of the creed of their fathers, or have adopted deistical principles. Some candid missionaries confess that they dare not assert that they have made one true convert amongst the people of Bengal. But these Khonds are a frank and manly people, and perhaps the Christian missionary would have more success in Khondistan than in any other part of India. It would at all events be worth his while to make the trial.

*Perpetua: a Love Tale.* By E. B. P. London: Henry Lea, Warwick-lane.

The author of this little novel handles a pen with facility and grace. He is a practised writer. There is not much in the story, but it is pleasantly told. The heroine who gives her name to the book is certainly not perfection, physically or morally, and we like her perhaps the better for her little failings. At first she is rather too much of a blue-stocking and seems to want a heart; but her character improves rapidly and naturally towards the close of the story. She is thrown from her chariot and so injures her arm that she is obliged to have it amputated at the shoulder by her own lover who is a doctor. The Doctor's love is not diminished by her disfigurement and the lovers are married.

## Notes

### ON PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

"All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players."—As You Like It.

**ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.**  
Mr. GEORGE LINLEY's operetta "The Toymaker," was produced here last Tuesday week. Miss Thirlwall, who is daily gaining public favour, gives the song of "Ah! why did you wake me?" with great effect. The song will probably become popular. Mr. Haig's, "Come beloved," is also excellent. This evening a new opera entitled "The Puritan's Daughter," by J. V. Bridgman and Mr. W. Balfé will be produced at this theatre. All the best performers of the company are engaged in it.

We noticed one evening during the performance of "Robin Hood" that Madame Guerrabella, in the part of *Maid Marian*, came into such dangerous proximity to the stage foot-lights that Mr. Mellon was obliged to press back her dress with his little wand. The Paris correspondent of the *Times* tells us that very lately, at the theatre of Nice, Mlle. Tristali Vettori went so near the footlights that her dress caught fire, but Ronconi, who was singing by her side, extinguished the flames by quickly pressing the dress between his hands, and that in so doing he actually continued his song without interruption, to the astonishment and delight of the audience at his amazing self-possession. He was summoned three times before the curtain to receive the applause of the house. A French chemist has discovered that the lightest lace or muslin may be made fire-proof by a mixture of starch and carbonate of lime or Spanish chalk. It is strange that so simple a safeguard should be neglected.

### DRURY LANE.

"Miss Eily O'Connor," a new burlesque, by Mr. H. J. Byron, was produced here on Monday last. The burlesque is founded on the "Coll. on Bawn," which has already been very amusingly travestied at the *Surrey Theatre*.

### OLYMPIC.

A new comedy, "Court Cards," by Mr. Palgrave Simpson, was produced at this pleasant little theatre last Monday. Miss Amy Sedgwick takes the principal female part, and certainly makes the most of it. It is adapted from the French. The scene is laid in a German court. The performance was in every way praiseworthy, and deserves a longer notice than we can give it in our present number. New dramatic pieces crowd so upon our attention, that we have hardly time to give an account of them.

### ROBIN'S SOIRES FANTASTIQUES.

The French Wizard afforded his audience, at the Egyptian Hall, on Monday last, a delightful and instructive entertainment. We must give a fuller notice of this, if we can, next week.

### MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS AT ST. JAMES'S HALL.

The fourth season of the Popular Concerts commenced last Monday week. There was a large attendance, and the best pieces were loudly applauded. Mlle. Florence Lancia, in Mozart's "Se il padre perdei," (Idomeneo) and Mr. Winn, in Arne's song, "Now Phœbus sinketh in the West," (Comus) were particularly successful. The lady, Mlle. Lancia, has a sweet and truly sympathetic voice; and Mr. Winn's baritone was heard to the greatest advantage. The first part of the concert concluded with Beethoven's sonata for the pianoforte, played by Mr. Charles Halle with exquisite delicacy of touch, taste, and feeling.

The advertised selection from Mozart was given with great success on Monday last. The whole house was crowded. Mr. Lazarus quite enchanted his audience with his most masterly and exquisite performance on the chironet, to which he gave a human voice.

### PICTURES BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER AND MLL. ROSA BONHEUR.

There are a few very fine pictures on gratuitous exhibition at Messrs. Hayward and Leggett's, the picture dealers, in Cornhill. The first is an early painting by Sir Edwin Landseer of a dog in Chantrey's studio. The unfinished bust of Walter Scott is in the corner of the picture. But a far finer and more ambitious work of the same artist's mature genius is hanging on the same wall, it is entitled "The Maid and the Magpie." Messrs. Henry Greaves and Company have purchased the copy-right of this picture, and are having it engraved by Cousins. The artist's proofs are to be sold for ten guineas each, and the prints at three. The picture tells the story of the Maid and the Magpie very distinctly and impressively. The maid is milking the cow—such a cow as only a Landseer can draw—and she conceals her face from a loving swain behind, by bending down her head and resting her pretty cheek on the cow's side. She looks coy, yet nothing loth. The manly rustic, subdued by love, is obviously at a loss what to say or do, and idly chips or carves a wooden post. The magpie, while the lovers are wrapt in tender thoughts, is stealing the fatal spoon from a wooden bowl. In the same room is another painting by Landseer of "A Pretty Horse-breaker" (who has taken lessons from Barey). She is seated on the ground exhausted, and resting on the side of the conquered horse. This picture originated the famous letters in the *Times*. Side-by-side with this painting is one of Rosa Bonheur the famous lady artist. It is a representation of "Brittany Cattle." It is full of life and nature. This also is to be engraved and the engravings are to be sold at the same price as those of Landseer's "Maid and the Magpie," which is a compliment to his fair and foreign rival.

### WINTER EXHIBITION OF PICTURES.

Mr. WALLIS has opened his ninth winter exhibition of pictures at the French Gallery in Pall-mall. The exhibition consists of coloured pictures by British artists, with a new collection painted expressly for Mr. Wallis. The collection is not first-rate, but it contains some pictures worth seeing.

### DRAMATIC READING.

No one should attempt to read poetry aloud and to a large audience unless he has previously and very carefully studied every shade of the meaning. This preparation is especially necessary for the just recitation of Shakespeare. It is lamentable to see what tricks some of our best actors play with the fine thoughts and images of this prince of poets by false emphases or improper pauses and inflections. Henderson, the famous actor, is said to have been an excellent reader of Shakespeare, and yet he was the first, we believe, who divided the *many-a-time-and oft*, in *Shylock's* address to *Antonio*, into *many a time—and oft on the Rialto*. This is clearly not a correct reading, though rather an ingenious one; for *many a time and oft*, however pleonastic, is the phraseology of Shakespeare. We meet the phrase in "Henry IV." (2nd part), in "Julius Caesar" and in "Timon of Athens." George Steevens, it is said, asserted two things of Henderson's *Hamlet*—that in his delivery of the speech to the players, he was "less of the magister" than Garrick, and more princely and at his ease, and that in the soliloquy upon death, he reasoned better and made a deeper impression on his audience. He is said to have read Sterne so truly as to have drawn tears from Mrs. Siddons. Borden says of Mrs. Siddons, that her reading of the famous soliloquy of *Hamlet* was more like "audible rumination" than Kemble's, who delivered it in higher terms, and lost the cast of thought that the galleries might catch the words. Mrs. Siddons's favourite female part was *Queen Catherine* in "Henry the Eighth." She told Dr. Johnson that she preferred that character to all the other female parts in Shakespeare's dramas, and the Doctor approved her choice. The public differ from those high authorities. Henderson, with all his merit, seems to have often laid himself open to criticism with respect to the position of the emphasis. In his anxiety, for example, to introduce as much variety of emphasis as possible in the speech of *Iago*, in which *Roderigo* is so frequently urged to *put money in his purse*, he made the following changes, which Borden commands, but which every true critic must object to:—"Put but money in thy purse"—"Make all the money thou canst"—"Provide thyself with money"—"Put money enough in thy purse." But *money* is the emphatic word throughout, and Henderson's variations were not half so forcible as Shakespeare's iterations—the first are fantastical, the second are natural. These actors—even the best amongst them—make strange mistakes in their readings, as we have already shown in our theatrical department in the notices of the performances of Fechter, Charles Kean, and Phelps, in the tragedy of "Hamlet." In the famous soliloquy, *To be or not to be—that is the question*, Macready used to make it appear by his intonation and gesture that Hamlet had been trying to discover what the particular question was, and at last was electrified, as it were, with the inspiration which made it suddenly clear to him. We need hardly explain that this is a grossly wrong reading. Mr. Steevens very properly objected to John Kemble's emphasis in *Hamlet's* question to *Horatio* respecting the ghost.

*Hamlet.*—Did you not speak to it?

*Horatio.*—My lord, I did.

Of course, the right emphasis is on the word *speak*. In an old edition of "Hamlet" (printed in 1609), the question and answer stand thus:

*Hamlet.*—Did you speak to it?

*Horatio.*—My lord, we did.

Even Garrick's recitation was not perfect, and Dr. Johnson used to tell him that he often mistook the emphatic word in a sentence. There is a line in *Hamlet* the emphasis of which he entirely misunderstood:

*Hamlet.*—I will speak daggers to her but use none.

Which he read thus:

I will speak daggers to her, but use none.

An anonymous correspondent called Garrick's attention to his wrong delivery of the line in the air-drawn dagger scene in *Macbeth*:

And such an instrument I was to use.

He laid, it seems, a prodigiously strong emphasis on *was*.

When Dr. Johnson requested Garrick to read the Seventh Commandment, Garrick read it "Thou shall not commit adultery." "You are wrong," said the Doctor, "it is a negative precept and ought to be pronounced 'Thou shall not commit adultery.'" But Dr. Johnson himself was in error here, for the proper reading is "Thou shall not commit adultery;" for the command is not in opposition to a contrary command, which would have required the emphasis on the word *not* alone.

Dr. Taylor told Boswell another anecdote of Dr. Johnson's triumphs over his old pupil: Garrick and Gifford (also an actor) were called on to repeat the ninth commandment; "Thou shall not bear false witness against thy neighbour." Both tried it, and both mistook the emphasis, which Johnson explained was on the *not* and *false witness*. Sheridan in his lectures on the art of reading, places the emphasis wholly on the word *false*; but neither he nor Johnson, I think, are quite right—because they both omit some emphases that are obviously required. In addition to the emphasis on the word *not*, there should be an equal emphasis on the words *shall* and *false witness*; "Thou shall not bear false witness against thy neighbour." There is no direct opposition understood that would require an exclusive emphasis on *not* or *false*. Such an emphasis would be as absurd as an emphasis on the word *no* in the sixth commandment; "Thou shall commit no murder" instead of "Thou shall commit no murder."

It is singular enough, and perhaps not generally known, that John Kemble, who was so fine a scholar, and so celebrated for his studied recitation, was often grossly in error as an orator. I do not allude to his obstinate adherence to the use of the word *aches* as a dissyllable.

Till all thy bones with *aches* (at—ches) make thee roar.

For there can be no doubt that in that instance he only followed the text; "not wisely but too well;" for though the pronunciation was correct as an archaism, the modern use of it was an impropriety—a piece of ill-timed pedantry. Perhaps, too, he erred critically even in this word, for though as an antiquarian he was literally correct in making *aches* a word of two syllables, he ought as an etymologist to have pronounced the *ch* like a *k*. We did not intend, however, to refer to his pedantries but to his provincialisms and vulgarisms; such as *bird* for beard, *airth* for earth, *purse* for pierce, *infirmary* for infirmity, *furse* for fierce, *melotous* for melodious, *argin* for virgin, *rode* for rod, *stare* for stir, *the* for thy, *air* for err, &c., &c. In the recitation of rhymed verse how provokingly he must have changed and jangled the final sounds! and how often he must thus have confounded the meaning even in dramatic blank verse and plain prose!

Since such particular complaints have lately been made of bad reading in the pulpit, some of our remarks or illustrations may be as pertinent to the clergy as to those who fret their hour upon the stage. Our beautiful Church Service is, generally speaking, most cruelly marred in the delivery.

The reason why there is so much wretched reading on the stage and in the pulpit, is, that elocution and the study of our mother tongue are utterly neglected in most of our educational establishments. The famous Bishop of Cloyne expressed a doubt whether half the learning of these kingdoms was not lost for want of having a proper delivery taught in our schools and colleges. No one ought to be considered well educated who cannot read his own language with propriety; yet Dr. Quincey prided himself upon being able to read aloud with elegance and sweetness, because the accomplishment was so peculiarly rare amongst English gentlemen. Actors and the clergy take lessons in reading much too late in life to arrive at excellence in the art. They have too much to unlearn—too many inveterate bad habits to overcome.

Elocution is everywhere much neglected. The art of reading consists in conveying to the hearer, in the most natural and agreeable manner, the exact or full meaning of the writer. But to do this habitually or readily demands no ordinary degree of sensibility, intelligence, and previous study. Good reading is no frivolous accomplishment. To teach any one to read correctly is to teach him not only to *speak* correctly, but to *think* correctly. This educational process gives him the logic of language, of feeling, and of thought. The young student who has been taught to read Shakespeare as Shakespeare ought to be read, has learnt a lesson not in rhetoric only, but in human nature. He has anticipated the experience of later life. He has learnt how men feel and think and speak under the varying conditions of human existence. He has acquired some idea of the power and compass of his native tongue, and learnt to recognize with precision those delicate shades of thought and feeling to which he would have been a stranger had he never studied poetry—for it is in poetry alone that the capabilities of language are called into their fullest play. Poetry cannot be read as we read a newspaper, without a sad sacrifice of both the beauty and the meaning. The beauty is in fact but a part of the meaning, which is often so subtle and refined as utterly to escape a hard and coarse mind, however shrewd and worldly-wise, and must, of course, suffer severely when read aloud with careless rapidity—with a disregard of the rhythm—or with erroneous emphases, tones, or pauses. Generally speaking, persons of a thoughtful and sensitive nature can easily be taught to read rightly; but it is impossible for the best teacher in the world to make a good reader of a student whose mind is naturally of a hard and vulgar character. But still even natural deficiencies need not be regarded with utter despair, nor be heightened by neglect; and a proper education can always work some degree of improvement in the least gifted, or least promising of human beings. At present not one Englishman in five-hundred knows how to read his native language, or could stand up in a large assembly and read a great national poem, without doing gross injustice to the verse, or without wearying and disgusting his audience and bringing shame upon himself.



THE NEW "SQUARE" OF ARTS ET METIERS, PARIS

## IMPROVEMENTS IN PARIS.

We furnish to-day two engravings of the changes in the course of progress in the French capital through the instrumentality of Louis Napoleon. The first represents the new "Square" of Arts et Métiers. The French have recently introduced the word "square" into their vocabulary, though the thing described is different in many respects to what is understood by it in England. The green enclosures of Grosvenor, Eaton, Belgrave, and Russell, have as yet found no brothers and sisters in any way resembling them in the French metropolis; but what has been constructed by the architects of modern Lutetia is rather more like the creations attempted in some of our genteel London suburbs, where there are no streets or lanes, but only Villas, Crescents, and Terraces. How-

ever, though the new Paris "square" would look very poor when placed beside the magnificent park-like enclosures of the west-end of London, it yet appears very pretty at the spot where it stands, which is near the once famed Abbey of St. Martin des Champs, in one of the most crowded parts of Paris. The square fronts the Conservatoire of Arts et Métiers, a kind of workmen school, where models of the best and most recent inventions are exhibited, for the purpose of stimulating the creative faculty in the minds of other artists and mechanics.

The next engraving gives the Canal de l'Ourcq in the process of enlargement so as to increase the water supply of Paris. What the New River is to London, the Canal de l'Ourcq is to the French metropolis. Up to the beginning of the present century, the inhabitants of Paris had no other water to drink and to wash in,

but that of the Seine—a river but a shade cleaner than his brother Thames. The Emperor Napoleon I was the first to conceive the plan of giving his metropolitan subjects the benefit of pure water; which project he executed by carrying the river Ourcq, a stream renowned for its crystalline clearness, up to Paris. The river Ourcq rises in the department of Aisne, and after a south-westerly course of about 30 miles joins the Marne, near Litz. The Canal de l'Ourcq, which supplies Paris with water, branches from the river Ourcq at Senlis, and, at the end of a course of 50 miles, terminates in the basin de la Villette, in the north-eastern quarter of Paris. The present Emperor is now engaged in extending the work of Napoleon I, and enlarging the Canal de l'Ourcq, so as to take in several contributory streams of the river Marne. Our engraving on this page gives a sketch of these works.



THE CANAL DE L'OURCQ, PARIS.

## LADY ELFRIKA'S POWER.

## CHAPTER XV.

THE PREFACE TO THE NARRATIVE OF CONSTANCE FALCONRIDGE.  
MR. HARGRAVES is the dear old friend of Sir Jeffrey Pelton, and it is he who suggested to me the idea of writing these pages. I remember to have seen Mr. Hargraves very many years ago, and I knew him again the moment I saw him, for his features are so impressive that I should think it is hardly possible to forget them.

Mr. Hargraves is by no means a handsome man, but I should say that any free woman would feel proud of his affection. He has one of those kind, grave, cheerful faces that people always do like so much. I could not have been more than eight when I first saw him at Ravelin, and I remember that when I was with the lady visitors at the castle, when we were in mama's own little room, or in the drawing-room after dinner, that they almost always fell talking about Mr. Hargraves. And I remember the ladies at our place did not talk of him as they did of most of the gentlemen. They did not speak of his face, or conversation, or position, but of him.

No, he certainly is not nor was he handsome, and yet I am certain that he attracted more attention from the ladies staying at Ravelin than any other gentleman.

Yes, it was Mr. Hargraves who only yesterday told me to work. When he came into our room he was an old friend within five minutes, though I had not seen him for more than ten years, and then only as little child. I cannot describe the influence of this gentleman over me. He has already suffused a kind of peace over me which almost reconciles me to my life. And as I write my reminiscences commence to flow with greater rapidity, indeed I may say that every moment my thoughts wondrously increase in strength and rapidity. I remember perfectly that the general influence of Mr. Hargraves was in that long passed away time just what it is

now. If two or three fresh visitors arrived (papa used to keep Ravelin very gay, I have heard mama say sometimes gravely) they would, after a little talk with Hedrick Hargraves, look at each other with a kind of brilliant reciprocal surprise which would, so marked was it, extend itself in a less developed degree to those who were present who had already become acquainted with him.

I am almost inclined to think that Mr. Hargraves' power lies in sympathy and truth. I do really think that if you trust him it is because he trusts you. That if you want to pour your trouble in his ears, that it is because his looks are truthful when they say he courts your confidence. Oh, Mr. Hargraves is so unlike most other men. I dare say many girls would like him, but I am quite sure most women could love him.

And if I remember rightly he seemed quite as much a favourite with the gentlemen at the castle. I remember it was "Hargraves" here and "Hargraves" there, though I think I remember that while the ladies at Ravelin, whether talking in couples or altogether, were equally willing to speak warmly and frankly of Mr. Hargraves, with the gentlemen when they were all together, as I have seen them, for I suppose I took all the privileges of a child, and intruded myself everywhere—I say amongst the gentlemen, when they were altogether (Mr. Hargraves being absent) he was spoken of only in an off-hand patronizing manner, and it was only when they spoke privately one to the other, as I had several occasions of remarking, that Mr. Hargraves was spoken of in warm hearty tones.

Yes, I am sure the secret of Mr. Hargraves is his sympathy. He is truly gay with the gay, and sad with the sad. I am sure he never wears a masked face—that he really feels what he says. He is as clever as Lady Elfride herself; ah, I wonder how they like each other; I do wonder whether Elfride is attracted towards him as I am, as even poor mama was when he came, for her blank face lighted up. I had not felt so happy as in that moment since we have been here. I shall ask him: I feel sure I may.

I wonder what he thought this morning when I sent word down

that neither Lady Falconridge nor myself could see him. Thought? I know he was hurt, and I am sure I was grieved when I read the line he sent up to me, hastily written on his card—there it is propped up before me now—"Has my little sweetheart grown up proud?" Those are the very words. It is only a few weeks since my whole life was changed, and from a girl I became a woman; and yet I declare I never felt so pleased with any compliment paid me in the old time as by those few words.

We had seen nobody since our misfortune but Sir Jeffrey, and I had determined to live in extreme seclusion. I do not think any other words that Mr. Hargraves could have written would have had such an effect upon me as those few pleasant words—"Has my little sweetheart grown proud?" They seemed such a gentle reproach, and yet, at the same time, seemed written in such a generous equality (I was almost going to write humility), that I was envious of the time required by him in which to ascend the stairs.

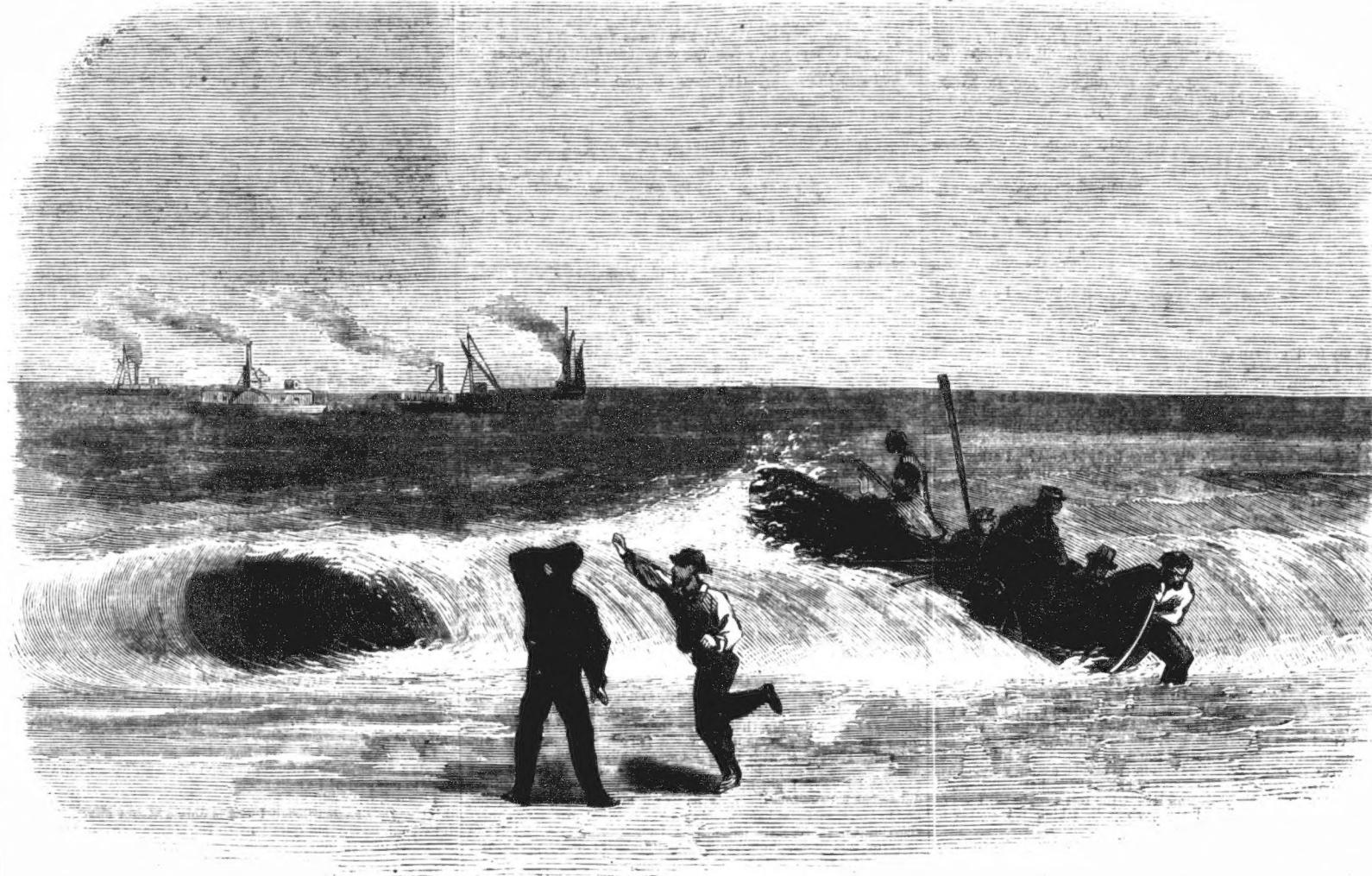
Of course mama was not present.

I went to the door to meet him. I cannot tell how he took my hand. How can I? When he saw me waiting at the threshold for him, he started forward, a kind of bright remonstrance in his face. When he took my hand (it is such a smooth, warm, hearty hand) he fell back half a step, and seemed to look almost apologetically.

He asked, after mama's health in frank earnest tones, not at all commiseratingly, but with a kindly business air, which to me was inexpressibly comforting—"You will allow me to come and see you and Lady Falconridge frequently, will you not?" "Oh, yes," I returned, "and I will tell mama you are here."

Now, I had quite shrank from mama exhibiting herself, as I felt such would be the case, to anybody who might call; but when Mr. Hargraves spoke of visiting mama, I started up, feeling, I am sure, that I had felt quite anxious he should ask for her. I took him to mama's little room, in which she sat, looking through the window into our walled garden—even when I am reading to her.

There was nothing painful in the manner in which mama



THE AMERICAN WAR—CAPTURE OF THE U. S. STEAMER FANNY. TWO GUNS, BY THREE CONFEDERATE STEAMERS OFF CHICAMICO, N. C., AND ESCAPE OF CAPTAIN AND CREW IN A SMALL BOAT.

Received him. She was just as she had ever been—quiet and easy and gracious. It would have been quite impossible for any person casually seeing her to suppose that she was not herself. I saw Mr. Hargraves' brown, deep eyes watching mama, but not, oh not with the expression which was upon the face of those cruel doctors. They seemed to judge mama before seeing her—Mr. Hargraves seemed to be looking upon her in order to judge.

Mr. Hargraves sat a'king for some time, and I could have wept with joy as I saw the old bright look come back to mama's face. As I am writing here to myself, and as, in all probability, no one but myself will ever read these lines, I confess (though I do wonder what any other woman than myself would say of the confession) that I felt inclined to go to him, and take his hand, and kiss it. I know how foolish, and, perhaps, irrational this writing is; but, as Mr. Hargraves told me to put my exact thoughts upon paper—for he said it would be almost the same as unburdening my mind to a dear friend—I must write that I felt inclined to go up to him and kiss his hand.

"Pray come often, Mr. Hargraves," said mama, at about the end of twenty minutes.

"I'll come as often as you'll see me, Lady Falconridge," Mr. Hargraves answered; and therupon mama put out her hand with infinite more decision than I remember her to have shown since the dreadful day when both our lives were changed.

When Mr. Hargraves left mama, I, of course, went with him. He said to me, as I was walking by his side down to the door, "You are very lonely here, Miss Falconridge."

"I have mama," I answered; and I felt as though I would not have thought mama and I required any aid beyond our own.

(Miss Hargraves has gone for some months to Scotland, but I have no doubt she will come back to live with mama and me.)

Mr. Hargraves smiled in answer, and said, "But that is not enough; you must have a companion."

"No, Mr. Hargraves, I want no companion but mama," I answered him.

"But for Lady Falconridge's own sake," he returned; "if you fell ill what would become of her?"

I felt he was right. I knew he was right. It was just as in the old time, when everybody took his advice, and he used to give it, and so candidly that people really used to follow it. I saw in a moment that he was right.

"I will send for Miss Hargraves," I said.

"No," returned Mr. Hargraves; "I can find a better companion for you than Miss Hargraves; for I remember her." Then he laughed so pleasantly.

"What companion, then," I asked, and I felt I was smiling. I had not smiled for many weeks.

And then it was that he told me to do as I was doing—to put my thoughts on paper, and the history of my life. As I have said, Mr. Hargraves told me that the pen would be like a companion, and that it would lighten many weary hours. And I feel it will; for I must confess, oh, I must confess!—undoubtedly as I know it is—that there were times during the last few weeks when I have felt so desolate. I know this is cruel to mama; I know that, being with her, and my whole life being necessarily devoted to her, that she should be my existence; but I confess—here, miserably to myself, what I would say to no one—that my life is desolate.

I have stopped a little while since writing the last words, and I have sobbed myself calm once more. I feel more at peace at this moment than I have since that dreadful day. I think Mr. Hargraves' advice has already proved to be true. After writing that confession, I lay down my pen and burst into tears, as though I really had confided my trouble and miserable shame to a safe and useful friend, and then fallen on her neck. Yes, Mr. Hargraves was quite right. I remember they used to say he always was.

When I replied to Mr. Hargraves that I would certainly do as he told me, he said no, as he asked me, not told. Then he added that he was much older than I was, and therein lay his excuse—I am sure, though, he is not old. He was not quite thirty when I remember him first at Ravelin, and then I was between seven and

eight. Very well, then, he cannot be more than forty; and I do not think that can be called old.

When he was at the door, where he held out his hand, he said "Good bye, Constance." The words really went to my very heart. He had not said Constance before, and the word seemed to make him my guardian.

As I am writing here—as I am writing to myself, I may surely say that which neither I nor any woman would confess to any man—not even a brother. "I—I stepped nearer to him. Not far—only a little way. But I was unable to resist the temptation."

"I will do as you tell me," I said. I did not add Mr. Hargraves—it seemed to me much better not to do so.

"Do," he added, "and I'm sure you'll tell me you are right."

How kind those words were. He did not say, "tell me I am right," but "tell me you are right," as though he shrank from the superior position of giving the advice which I dare say he felt he could not withhold.

I do, indeed, wonder whether what I feel Mr. Hargraves considers his duty even causes him pain in its execution. I mean to say, I wonder whether Mr. Hargraves often has to do things which he knows must result in pain to himself, but with which he goes through nevertheless, from a consciousness that he must accomplish them.

Yes—I will write down my thoughts, the history of my life, and a plain statement of all that occurs in this place. Why, I desire, I already feel as though I could fill volumes on volumes, and actually a desire is stealing over me that some one else should see this history.

## THE NARRATIVE OF CONSTANCE FALCONRIDGE.

The remembrance of the commencement of this lonely life into which my mother and I have drifted is very confused and dreamy. The various shocks I had to endure followed one another so rapidly that, I think, for a little time I had no knowledge of the course of

events. I sometimes think that terrible agony lasted many weeks; at other times I imagine that it lasted only hours.

When I learnt that my mother had ceased to be herself, the desolation which fell upon me was terrible, but in the great waste of life which seemed to spread out on all sides of me, I had one hope—

I have stopped. I do not know how to go on. How can I write coherently on a subject upon which I cannot think with stability. For sometimes I despise him, sometimes I pity him, and sometimes, God help me, I still love him.

What a change my mother's calamity created within me—I feel that as I knelt by her side on that terrible evening of our misfortune that I had become a woman. I did, indeed, feel the change in me from girl to womanhood.

It was an awful change. I had relied upon mama wholly and unconsciously—in a moment I not only had to rely upon myself, but had to uphold the dear love in whom I had so entirely depended.

As I knelt, oh how I longed for—

I find I cannot write his name. No—I cannot. My pen trembles, and I feel the harsh hardness I sometimes experience creeping through me.

If he was right, if he was justified in falling away from me, was it generous to do so at such a time, when I was in such deep trouble. Still was it his act. *Hesact?* What right has a man to be controlled? If she told him to do as he did, how dared he to forget his manhood.

And yet—there in a moment, and I am changed! Now—I am pitying him. He used to be so happy, that I think he must be desolate even if she—if she—

O Harold, I do love you, I do indeed love you still.

I have been putting down my pen, which is already so dear to me, and—and I have been once more making myself ridiculous.

I am calm again now, and can gravely look upon my mind. I am quite sure that a few paroxysms, similar to that which has just past away and left me so calm, will give me that lasting peace without which I am convinced life were not only unendurable, but also utterly unable to be maintained. I feel that if I regain this peace, as I shall, as I surely shall, that it will be all owing to my good pen.

Yes—I am calm now. Let me ask this question. Do I really love Harold Anwold? Oh, I can write name now, and shall, I dare say, for days, with no trepidation. Do I still love Harold Anwold?

Do I? No! A woman does not wholly love that man for whom she feels that kind of pity which is in reality a contempt growing out of his actions. The pity I feel towards Harold Anwold is this kind of pity, and not that generous compassion which one feels for the misfortunes of a dearly loved human power.

I shall never hate him. I think a woman who is at all good-hearted can never consistently and continuously hate the man she has once loved. He has become, as it were, a part of herself, and therefore while she reverences her own existence she must to some extent love him.

But let me go on with my tale, lovingly thankful as I am that it has already yielded me the comfort Mr. Hargraves predicted. I shall try and talk of Harold Anwold as though he were some one I had slightly known. No, I will not speak of him in accordance with my feelings even to myself here on this paper. I am too proud. Still it sometimes break down I must try and forgive myself.

We are still at Ravelin; yet as much away from it as though we were hundreds of miles distant. I have never seen Lady Elfrida since the hour I went to her in her own room and asked her for help, and when she told me that all she should do would be for the best.

I had often asked myself, did I love Lady Elfrida? I asked myself then I ask myself now. I know that I shall always ask myself that question. "Do I love Lady Elfrida?" She attracts just like dear Mr. Hargraves, but then while he having once attracted you maintains his power, if that can be called power which seems so much like concession, Lady Elfrida having attracted seems to repel you. At all events such was the case with me. I feel that if I knew a lady like Mr. Hargraves that I should love her almost as much as I do my mother, while I never could reluctantly love Lady Elfrida. I cannot analyse my feelings; I can only describe them.

No, I have never seen her since that night, and I have now had no letter from her for a fortnight. I trust that I may have not another line from her. I am glad to know that we do not depend upon her for our daily bread. The house we live in is hers, the bread we eat is not.

I never thought the poor little 200L a year which I have had accumulating for me ever since I was five years old would be such a godsend. I declare that I had quite forgotten it, or I doubt if I had ever been fully aware of the exact state of the matter. When I am of age I shall have the money, and we will leave this place. Till then we must stop here, for what could we do with that little sum of 200L a year, or rather 299L, for the interest of all the money which has been saved since I was five years of age make it that sum. But I prefer to take only the 200L, and let all the rest remain till I am of age, when I can spend all my savings in taking my mother to Italy.

I do not really legally get this 200L a year. When our calamity fell upon us, and when I felt that I could not endure living upon Lady Elfrida's Falconbridge, I wrote to Mr. Maledring, my mother's solicitor, asking him in what way he thought it possible I could gain a living for myself. He came down at once. When he arrived he told me of this property, which I suppose I, in the agony of these terrible days, imagined had gone with all the rest to Lady Elfrida.

Mr. Maledring told me that this property was my own, coming from a cousin on my mother's side, and that once of age I should have undisputed possession of it. I at once asked him to let me have part of it, in order to take my mama from the castle, but Mr. Maledring told me I could not touch it till I was of age, and that will be in three years' time. Thereupon I was much dismayed, but laughing good-humouredly the lawyer told me that there were means of meeting this difficulty.

To end this part of my narrative, he told me that he himself would advance me (upon my good name, he laughingly added) any moderate sum a year I might wish to possess. This led to a long conversation, in which I told him where we are living. His advice was that it was necessary I should save as much money as possible, that as there was no evidence that a removal to a warmer climate would do mama any benefit, that there would be no imperative need to change our residence, and that as such a change, which would involve the living in a miserably small house, might tend to injure Lady Falconbridge still further, he recommended upon all

grounds that I should accept Lady Elfrida's offer (made formally through her solicitor) to live where my mother and myself are now living.

I did accept Lady Elfrida's offer, and my mother and myself are installed in our new house, which I feel will be more cheerful than I ever expected it to be. I begin to see that duty must yield the fruits of some content, and I suppose in some kind of content lies all happiness.

I have said we are still at Ravelin, and yet far away from it. This is the explanation.

Ravelin is a very old place, and has been built at various times. "It is in a lion's part," so say the guide books, "exquisite, and it is apparently several superb mansions thrown into one." This really is the truth. Ravelin does seem three mansions thrown into one. Each mansion forms one side of the quadrangle, the fourth side being made up of several galleries and heavy rooms, under which are several archways by which the hall door is reached.

It is the back of these three mansions, if I may call them so, which face the court-yard. Their fronts face the south, west, and north, the entrance arches and the galleries above facing the east.

Our house faces the south. It is the warmest division of Ravelin, and I think the most beautiful, though it has never been used in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. It is in that comfortable style of architecture they call Elizabethan. The dear old windows and the recesses are lovely. I have said the entrance is from the quadrangle, but we have an exit by a gate in the wall of our house, and which is upon the park-road. We can leave the house and return to it, without going near the quadrangle.

But better than all we are utterly shut out from the rest of Ravelin; for not only are the whole of the windows which look upon the quadrangle filled with ground and stained glass, but before our house is a beautiful garden, quite acres in extent, which is totally surrounded by a wall, and which is the most lovely place I can imagine. It is what is called an Italian garden, and though before we came it was in a disgraceful state, it must be admitted it is exquisite. When summer comes—it is quite early spring yet—mama and I will spend almost the whole of our time in this lovely garden, which Lady Elfrida has had put in exquisite order, and indeed so she has the house. I am quite sure she must have laid out an immense sum of money in making our house and gardens perfect; but the outrage with which she consummated this luxury destroyed all the new growth of love I was feeling for her. On the day when the workmen left us I received a letter which I will copy here, that the thread of my narrative may not seem broken. "Lady Elfrida Falconbridge must now remind her cousin, Miss Falconbridge, that her part of the contract is complete. It remains for the latter lady to observe the conditions she accepted. Lady Elfrida Falconbridge is in no way to be intruded upon either personally or by letter, not even in answer to this communication, nor will Miss Falconbridge see more of Ravelin than though she were a hundred leagues from the castle."

These are her very words.

Our life in our new, solitary, and most beautiful home, is very solitary. Mama is happy. She seems to comprehend the course of events, and yet an attempt to converse upon them, which I once made, utterly bewildered her. She seems reconciled to her new home, and is happy, only intervals of sadness falling upon her and which lasts very short time.

Still now I have been—as I have admitted, and I can put the admission once more on paper with infinitely less agitation than when I first attempted it—still now I have been desolate; but I feel I shall soon be as contented and happy as I can be under our affliction. Indeed, I think I am happy and contented.

We have seen no visitors till to-day. I need not say who he was.

I shall put down our daily life, our thoughts and hopes. I shall confess all to this dear paper by the aid of this dear pen. I shall begin to-morrow.

April 7.—My God; I did not think to begin this work of mine, on which I so rely, which I think will become so beneficial—I did not think. I say, that I should commence it with a display of anger and passion. But so it is. I had been down in our garden, and was walking in the thick shadow of the walnut trees, when a man suddenly started out from one of the trenches of the asparagus beds. He was a comrade-looking man, with his cap hanging on one side of his head. "Don't be afraid of me," he said, and before I could recover, he hurriedly asked me to see him, this evening, after dusk. My first impulse was, to tell him to stand out of the way; but there was something friendly in his sharp face, and I said "Why?" "All in time, miss," he returned; "just you'll think o' being there—I shall be there." Then he lifted up his ridiculous cap, and then went away, breaking through the raspberry bushes.

I came in at once, rather frightened, and then went to one of the front windows, to see if I could see anything of him. It was the doing of this—it was the doing of this—by which I was outraged. We can see over the wall to the right in o' the park. My eyes by chance wandered over that wall, and there—there—walking with him, Harold Anwold, was Lady Elfrida. How innocent she looked! She had picked some primroses, for they are out early this spring, and she was putting them in his coat. He was looking at her—yes, he was looking at her as he has looked at me—as he has looked at me a thousand times. I hate them—I hate myself for hating them. I am ashamed of myself that I am angry. Oh, that I could have looked calmly at them. But I could not—I could not. I was jealous of them both; they looked so happy, and so free. And this is not all—no, this is not all. I will give Elfrida this credit; she did not purposely walk where I might see them; but I did, and she saw me.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

April 14.—Another week has past, and now I am quite sure that when Mr. Hargraves told me to seek relief by writing the history of my daily life, that he was the dearest friend I had. This diary seems already to me like an old friend. I come to it with pleasure. I leave it with pain, I am actually proud of it. The hours seem to fly as rapidly as the swallows when I am at work here, and I know I am more cheerful and more ready to do my duty after I have told the poor paper all my sorrows, difficulties, and hopes, than I was before. Mama has noticed how much more cheerful I have recently become. I feel, indeed, that had it not been for this happy thought of Mr. Hargraves that, perhaps, I might have lost my reason.

Lady Falconbridge has never spoken of her calamity. She is gradually growing her old self once more, and it is only when some word or act drags her back to her terrible idiosyncrasy that I am aware it is in existence. I feel sure that if a doubt of the reality of things about her had never been suggested to mama, that she never would have questioned the truth and existence of the world around her, and that we never should have had to endure this gilded imprisonment, for imprisonment I feel it to be, though as far as our liberty extends, it is perfect freedom. Our little household runs along very smoothly. As I have said, we see no one except Sir Jeffrey, and, of course, Mr. Hargraves. Our meals are served by our maid with regularity. They are very simple and plain.

I seem to be quite drifting away from the old life, and to be looking back with a sweet lingering contentment. This last feeling, I know, is due to my new work. I could see them together to-morrow, and should feel quite calm and grave, just as I think a good patient mother must look on the grave of all her children. The pain would be deep, not bitter.

Yes—I have laid down my pen, and now take it up again to say that—I am happy! Not joyously happy—pensively so. I am glad to see others happy, and feel quite grave and sober-hearted. I wonder though why I am so gravely happy? Can it be . . . Yes—it is because I am doing a duty. I am, for the first time in my life, doing something worth living for, I am tending my mother. I often look into the future, but with no eagerness or anxiety. Let it bring forth what it may it will matter little to me. I have borne a grave, earnest and, I do trust, cheerful woman, desirous of doing my duty, and thankful life is still so bright as it is. Dr. Hall came yesterday and saw mama. He says she may soon recover and that perhaps her idiosyncrasy is owing to constitutional changes not unusual at her time of life.

The quantity of workpeople coming and going all day long is wonderful. Elfrida must be having vast alterations made at Ravelin. I have counted at least a score of painters and house decorators leaving the house yesterday. Many of them are foreigners, and I could almost declare that one of them is the very artist-gentleman who called himself Herman, and who left Ravelin in so unaccountable a manner.

Mr. Juan Cintos, the Spanish nephew of Sir Jeffrey Pelton, seems absolutely to live at Ravelin. He is always there. (I do

not feel as though mama and I were still at Ravelin) I watch him come careering up the road on a black Arab horse he has brought from Spain. Sometimes as in nearing the house he looks up and marks his face brighten, and then I am sure that Elfrida is in the picture gallery and has smiled upon him.

I do not like the Spaniard, though I have spoken but once to him, just before our catastrophe. I am afraid though that this dislike is chiefly a reflection from Mr. Hargraves, who has admitted to me that he does not feel kindly towards Juan Cintos. He says he is not only weak but cruel—that either quality is bad enough, but that in combination they may cause their possessor, under certain circumstances, to be dangerous to society.

I told Mr. Hargraves that I thought he was wrong to judge Mr. Cintos by his looks; whereupon, with a laugh, he said that while he chiefly ruled himself by his intellect, he allowed his *instincts* to play at intervals, and that they had told him to dislike Juan Cintos.

"Perhaps it is because he is a foreigner," I said.

Mr. Hargraves laughing answered, "Oh, it is quite enough for a man to be a foreigner here in England to gain the sympathy of every woman he sees, whether he be a Russian nobleman or a Checktail Indian."

Mr. Hargraves has been here twice this week. I thought when he came yesterday that he looked worried, indeed perplexed; but he said nothing of any personal worry to me, and I, of course, though we are old friends, I could not take the liberty of asking him.

These are the questions I should like answered. Why was Mr. Hargraves perplexed yesterday, and what can be the meaning of Mr. Juan Cintos being here every morning?

I wonder whether Mr. Hargraves knows this young Spaniard is coming to Ravelin?

By the way, I also wonder who that odd-looking person was to whom Juan Cintos raised his hat yesterday as he was riding up to the house. He was an elderly-looking man, with a quick, sharp, eager, pinched face; who walked with steplike steps, and who was dressed in black. I noticed that his waistcoat was buttoned close to the chin.

I shall now put down my pen.

I have been at Ravelin once more, and contrary to Elfrida's stipulations; but I could not help it. I have not ceased to be a woman, and I have a woman's curiosity; and then, again, I wanted to see Ravelin once more, for it seemed years since I had been in it, though it was only weeks.

This is how it came to pass.

It was almost dark, and I had closed my diary and was looking through the corner window on to the road, when Fanny, our little maid, came to me and said that one of the doors leading to Ravelin was open. I think I have said that it was Lady Elfrida Falconbridge's pleasure, when she dispossessed us of our property (about which I need not put down no particulars; it was useless continuing with her, and mama and I yielded)—I say think, I have said it was my cousin's pleasure, in giving us this part of Ravelin, to intimate that she could admit of no intrusion upon her part of the mansion. Heaven knows I had, and have no desire to see Elfrida near me again, but when Fanny came and told me that one of the intercommunicating doors was open, I could not resist the temptation to look through into the picture gallery, in which I first saw the artist, Herman, and whom, I am sure, I saw once more this afternoon in a common working-man's dress.

I knew Elfrida had gone out, for I had seen the carriage pass—that is the new carriage, which is certainly far more beautiful than the old one.

When I looked into the gallery through the open door something pulled me on. I knew my heart beat, as though I were a thief in a strange house, and rather than in the place which by all human law should be mine.

I crept lightly along the darkening gallery, Fanny following me with light steps. It was already too dark to see much, but there was enough light left to show that the improvements and decorations in progress were really magnificent.

"Let's go in drawing room, miss," said Fanny.

I could not recognise the room. Within a month, or six weeks, it was utterly changed. It looked broader, higher, larger in every way. It was most exquisitely decorated and furnished, and yet, nevertheless, it had not that air of a newly finished room, which is so deatable.

I was still looking round the beautiful place when Fanny uttered a sharp little scream. I immediately followed the direction of her eye and found myself face to face with the sharp, eager and even cruel-looking man dressed in the black buttoned up clothing whom I had seen Mr. Cintos raise his hat.

He was dreamily turning a globe round and round in the dear little bay window in which I used to love to sit.

I started back. "Pray remain," he said, in a sweet soft voice.

"D' you go?"

I know not what I said, but after uttering a few disjointed words I dropped away from the room like a guilty creature and fled back to our part of Ravelin.

I trust Elfrida will not hear of my visit. Though why should I think so? The gentleman I saw is only a visitor new to the house. He would hardly put questions to Elfrida as a stranger to him who had broken into the drawing-room and left it as abruptly.

"Miss Falconbridge is reminded that she is breaking her parole, and that her example may be followed."

That was all. Of course I knew the hand. So whoever this new visitor is at the castle he certainly seems to take the privilege of an old friend.

April 23.—Four days since I made an entry. Every day since I have taken down the book and replaced it joyfully, preventing the pleasure I feel in the work from fading by not allowing it to fall into a dusty custom. Since the fourteenth I have been gardening and, must I confess it, watching a little.

The Spaniard has been here every day, and I am quite sure it was his horse's hoofs I heard very late last night on the path, and not the way side, of our house. His is the only Arab horse about here, and one soon learns to distinguish it at a distance.

Mr. Hargraves has been once, and is coming again to-day. He looked even more bewildered than on his previous visit.

I was called away from my writing by the arrival of Mr. Hargraves himself, and am very agitated and I hardly know how to form the words which I am writing as a relief from my present agony.

Mr. Hargraves was very pale, and he took my hand very eagerly when I entered the room. "Constance" he said, "can you bear some terrible news?"

I know I looked up towards him with a white smile. I had grown used to terrible news. "Yes," I said.

"It will pain you," he said, "not wou'd I tell you if I did not want your help, this I know I shal have; you are, Constance, the only woman I woudn't trust with this secret. Beforehand, you must come with me to Sir Jeffrey's and leave Lady Falconbridge for a little while in Fanny's care. Constance, you know Sir Jeffrey who has never been ill, has been ill at various times for a week or two past—well, as I live, I believe that he—though plain, candid English gentleman, who would do no harm to any living soul, is being slowly poisoned."

(To be Continued.)

The following appeared in our Latest Edition of last week.]

## FRANCE.

The general purport of the conversations which took place between the Emperor of the French and M. Ratazzi during the recent visit of the latter to Paris are said to be as follows:—The Emperor did not originate any suggestion about giving precedence to the Venetian question; but, in the course of discussion, indicated the possibility of events in eastern Europe, especially in the Herzegovina, bringing about a condition of things which might force the Venetian question up for prompt decision. With regard to Rome, the Emperor promised nothing definite, but did not give the distinct denial of all hope of arrangement which common rumour has attributed to him.

General Cialdini is announced by the journals of Paris to have arrived in that city, where his coming was looked for with much interest. Accounts we had received from Turin had led us to believe that his journey was postponed.

## ITALY.

TURIN, Nov. 20. (Evening.)—The Italian Parliament was re-opened to-day.

In the Chamber of Deputies, Baron Ricasoli, President of the Council, explained the present state of the Roman question. He said that he had drawn up a plan of reconciliation between religion and liberty, and between the State and the Church. He had requested the Emperor Napoleon to become mediator, but, owing to the little disposition to conciliation on the part of the Roman court, the mediation had not been attended with any result.

Baron Ricasoli then laid on the table of the House the documents relating to this project of arrangements.

The project contains eleven articles, of which the following is a summary:—

"The Pope and the cardinals are to preserve their dignity and inviolability.

"Full liberty is guaranteed to the Sovereign Pontiff for his acts of divine rights as Chief of the Church.

"The Pope is empowered to send Nunci to communicate with the bishops and the faithful, and to convene synods and councils without the intervention of the Government.

"The King of Italy renounces his right in respect of ecclesiastical benefices. The Italian Government also relinquishes all right of interference in the nomination of bishops.

"The King of Italy will guarantee to the Pope a certain revenue."

The eleven articles are proceeded by an address to the Pope, accompanied by a letter to Cardinal Antonelli, requesting him to give the plan a favourable consideration.

A note, addressed by Baron Ricasoli to the Chevalier di Nigra, was also laid on the table of the House. It instructs the Sardinian Minister at Paris to request the good offices of France in order to bring this project before the Pope, and says that, should the proposals it contains be rejected, the Italian Government could not, without difficulty, restrain the impatience of the people, who claim Rome as their capital.

After the speech of Baron Ricasoli, an animated discussion took place on the state of things in the Neapolitan provinces.

The Chamber resolved on discussing the state of things in Naples at the same time as the Roman question.

## POLAND.

New arrests are reported. The Administrator of the Archdiocese of Warsaw is the latest victim of mark announced. This prelate, who is ill and old, has been carried to the citadel, and will be tried, it is said, by court-martial, in pursuance of special orders from St. Petersburg.

**THE INSURRECTION IN HERZEGOVINA.**—The insurgents in the Herzegovina have cut off all communication between Trebigne and Ragna. Every day the struggle is assuming more formidable proportions. The Turkish army has been largely reinforced; and the insurgents are receiving constant accessions to their strength. A sudden visitation of snowy weather is said, however, to have driven Omer Pacha already into winter quarters.

**PRUSSIA.**—The primary elections, or choice of the persons who are to have votes for the return of members to Parliament, took place in Prussia on Wednesday. The result in Berlin is decidedly in favour of the Liberals; and telegrams received in the capital from the provinces seem to indicate a result generally similar throughout the country.

## INDIA.

The Bombay overland mail has arrived, with dates to the 28th Oct.

The double administration of the Adjutant-General's department in Bengal for the Queen's troops and the Indian army is about to be abolished.

The official return of the number of deaths by cholera in the Delhi division states the total to be 2,161.

The murderers of the late Mr. and Miss Jennings at Delhi have been, it is said, apprehended in Central India, and are under trial there.

The ravages of cholera continue in Kabul and Khundahar. The average daily mortality is said to be 300.

**CALCUTTA.**, Oct. 19.—Lord Canning has published important resolutions regarding the absolute sale of waste lands and the redemption of land revenue.

## A SOUTHERN PRIVATEER IN SOUTHAMPTON.

**SOUTHAMPTON.**, Thursday.—A large paddle-steamer, the Nashville, flying the Confederate flag, has just arrived in our river, and landed the captain and the crew of the American ship Harvey Birch.

Captain Nelson, of the Harvey Birch, reports having left Havre on Saturday last, the 17th inst., bound for New York in ballast. On the 19th inst., when in lat. 49° 6' N., long. 9° 52' W., she was brought to by the Confederate steamer Nashville, Commander Peagrim, late of the United States' Consul at this port.

The Nashville is still lying in the river, flying the Southern Confederate flag. Captain Nelson says that Commander Peagrim states he has no commission from the Southern Government as a war steamer, and yet declares he is not a privateer.

The Nashville is preparing to come into dock for refitting, having experienced very bad weather since running the blockade at Charleston. Her crew consists of English and Irish, who, after shipment, were compelled to sign other articles.

The whole of the crew of the Harvey Birch with the exception of Captain Nelson and his two officers, were placed in irons until arriving here.

Captain Peagrim endeavoured to make Captain Nelson and his crew to take an oath of allegiance to the Confederate Government. Captain Peagrim has communicated with Mr. Yancey.

**REFORM CONFERENCE.**—After considerable discussion the deliberations of this body have resulted in the adoption of a series of practical resolutions which had been previously prepared by the business committee. These resolutions expressed the dissatisfaction which was excited among the great body of the people by their exclusion from the franchise; and while leaving Reformers to agree upon the precise extension of suffrage which they should demand, they advise that a friendly and united support should be given to any honest measure of reform. The Conference further recommends that a National Reform Association should be formed, and that a conference be held in Birmingham immediately before the opening of Parliament, and one in London immediately after that event. Almost the entire sitting was occupied with a vigorous debate upon the question of manhood suffrage. Mr. Stokes, of Manchester, proposed the introduction of a clause in favour of that object, but he ultimately yielded to the wishes of the majority, and withdrew his amendment.

**MORE SHIPWRECKS AND LOSS OF LIFE.**—With regret we announce the loss of two more Hull steamers making a list of something like fifteen or sixteen in thirteen months; and on this occasion we have to lament a melancholy sacrifice of human life. One of these the Lion (screw steamer), belonging to Messrs. Brownlow, Lumden, and Co., of Hull, Baltic trade, between 1,100 and 1,200 tons burdon. She left St. Petersburg on Wednesday last; and it appears from a telegram, received on Monday by the owners, that she was driven, during a heavy gale on Friday, on shore at Ostergorholm, near the island of Gothland, two days' sail from St. Petersburg. She had on board a valuable cargo of tallow, hemp, wool, and seed. The whole of the hands managed to get on to the island, but the ship went to pieces in consequence of the fury of the storm tossing her about on the rocks.—The other vessel lost, the Enchantress, was a fine vessel of some 800 tons burdon, for some years past had been engaged in the Rotterdam trade. She left Hull on Wednesday evening last, and though she should have completed the passage in about twenty-four hours, and been back at Hull by Sunday, nothing has since been heard of her. She has not arrived at Rotterdam, and it is generally believed that she was caught in the severe gale of Thursday last, a short distance from Hull, and foundered with all hands. She was under the command of Captain Farr, and the crew numbered about fourteen hands. She had on board a valuable general cargo. Intelligence has been received in Liverpool, by the Africa, of the total loss of the ship Maritana. She struck on Egg Rock—sometimes called Ball Rock—about one mile east of Boston Light. This took place about midnight on Saturday 2nd of November. The ship, being a very strong one, held together until next morning, leaking but little, so having no water between deck, but chafing very harshly on the

rocks. About seven a.m. on Sunday Captain Williams was amidships, when he noticed that the vessel was breaking in two. He shouted "Look out for yourselves," but spoke no more. The ship separated just where he stood: he fell below, and was crushed to death as the vessel closed together again. The scene which ensued is described as terrible. The affrighted passengers and crew had lost the guiding spirit of the vessel; and, amidst intense excitement and confusion, they struggled against the fearful death that stared them in the face. Five seamen swam ashore, and seven others saved themselves on the poop. The remainder of the crew and passengers were swept off the wreck and lost.

**TERrible TRAGEDY IN DUBLIN.**—One of the most painful tragedies that has occurred in this city for years past was enacted on Wednesday, at 25, Cumberland-street. A person who had been waiter in an hotel at Bray, but now out of work, quarrelled with his sister-in-law about his shirt collars, when he took the poker and rushed upon her, and inflicted a serious wound on her left temple. She ran from him when his wife interposed, but he turned upon her, and most savagely attacked her, cutting her with the poker on the head in several places and about her person. She succeeded in getting away. Rendered mad at being thwarted in his murderous attack on his sister-in-law and wife, he took up a knife, and, catching hold of the youngest child, a boy of two years, he inflicted a fearful gash across his throat, severing the head almost from the body; then seizing the eldest child, he cut his throat, but the wound did not cause instantaneous death. The eldest child died shortly after being taken to the hospital. He was taken into custody and being brought up at the police-office he was remanded till the following morning.

**FUNERAL OF MR. T. S. DUNCOMBE.**—The funeral of this gentleman took place on Thursday at Kensal Green Cemetery. His remains were removed from Lancing, where the late member had been residing for the benefit of his health, on Tuesday, to his town residence, 3, Sussex-gardens, Hyde-park, the entire arrangements being under the direction of Mr. Shillibeer, of North-street Quadrant, Brighton, and 40, City-road, London. The funeral was strictly private—the son of the deceased, his two brothers, and Mr. Graham, his proposer at his elections, occupying the first carriage; Mr. Smith and three other gentlemen being in the second. The grave of the deceased is of brick, on the open ground on the north side of the cemetery, immediately between the vault where rest the remains of Lord Palmerston's sister, Mrs. Bowles, and the vault of Mr. F. Huth, the eminent merchant. The inscription on the coffin was as follows:—"Thomas Slingsby Duncombe, died 13th November, 1861, in the sixty-sixth year of his age." Upwards of 600 persons assembled at the cemetery, and followed the body to its final resting place, among them we noticed several of the celebrities of the borough the deceased gentlemen so long represented in Parliament.

**THE ATTEMPTED MURDER AT PADDINGTON.**—At the Marylebone Police Court on Wednesday, Thomas Puzey, George Reeves, and Anne Collett, were on remand, charged with robbery, and also with the attempted murder of Mrs. Sarah Green, a widow lady, residing at 5, Fulham-place, Paddington. The evidence taken on a former occasion having been read over, Louisa Duffy was called, and said she lived with her mother at 27, Victoria-place, Westbourne-grove. The prisoner Reeves lodged in the house. Knew the other prisoners. Had seen all three at her mother's house. Remembers the 24th of October (the night of the attempted murder and robbery). All three prisoners came into the house at different times that night. The two men came in together, and left the house again about eight o'clock in the evening. The woman came in about six, went out about half past eight, and returned again between nine and ten. Was not aware whether the two men returned home that night; if they did, it must have been late. Reeves had one room. Both Puzey and the woman Collett have visited Reeves before the night of the 24th. On the night of the robbery Puzey wore a cap. Could not swear to the kind of cap. Reeves wore a hat, and had a moustache. The next morning Reeves and Puzey left the house together about ten o'clock. Inferred from that that they both came home together the previous evening. Saw Reeves on the following Saturday, and the woman Collett called in the evening of the same day, but Reeves was not at home. Mr. Venn, for the prisoners, asked the witness what time in the evening of the 24th it was when Reeves left the house, and if Puzey was with him. The witness stated that she believed the hour was about eight, and Reeves and Puzey were together. Inspector Steer said he entered the house after the robbery, and picked up a life-preserver, a mask, and a chisel. The prisoners were remanded for a week.

**SAVING.**—A man is very apt to deceive himself into an idea that he *cannot* save, and that it is of no use attempting it. He convinces himself that his income is little enough for present necessities, and puts off the hope of accumulation, if he forms it at all, to that happy period when he shall be in somewhat better circum-

stances. His circumstances *do*, perhaps, improve, but his wants have extended as much, and still the time for saving is far ahead. Thus he goes on and on, resolving and re-resolving, until he is at last surprised by some sudden calamity which deprives him even of his ordinary earnings, or by death, which cruelly cuts him off in the very midst of the best intentions in the world. Did any man, we would ask, ever experience a falling off in his income, even to so small an amount as a dollar in the week? Many answer they have. Did they continue to live at that reduced rate? They reply, We did so—we were compelled to do it? Very well; and pray what is the difference between being compelled to live a dollar a-week cheaper, and compelling yourself to do it? Or suppose stationary wages and a rising produce-market. Did you not find, that, though bread rose a penny a loaf, and other provisions in proportion, you still contrived to make your income procure something like the usual exhibition of victuals? You answer, Yes. And where, I would ask, is the difference between spending a small extra sum upon certain articles of food, and laying it by for accumulation, supposing it not to be so needed? It is clear, that, if you had the fortitude and strength of character to make the saving as much a matter of compulsion as the other circumstances are, you *would* save. You have, therefore no excuse to present for your *not* saving, except that you are too weak-minded to abstain from using money which is in your power.

## TO TAKE IMPRESSIONS OF COINS AND MEDALS.

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